THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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COMMUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

My soul is with joy elate,
Like a seraph it soars and sings,
For honored beyond all price to-day
I've sat at the table of kings.

Though in no royal robes
Or princely apparel drest,
But humble, lowly and weak I come,
Ev'n at His high behest—

Who bids us all draw near,
That freely may we partake
Of the body and blood of Him who died
For the perishing sinner's sake.

Oh! wondrous power of love!
Oh! wondrous power of grace!
That freely proffers immortal life
To a sinful, dying race!

Surely I never again
Will yield to a doubt or fear;
For out of the depths I'll cry to Him,
And He will hear my prayer.

For He noteth the sparrow's fall,—
And the humblest sinner's cry,
If it be but whispered in penitence,
Reaches even to God on high.

With a Father's guardian care
He looks from Heaven above,
And holds us in His sheltering arms
With more than a Father's love.

Painted Post, N. Y.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR RUPERT'S COURTSHIP.

In the struggle between intellect and cunning, the lower faculty had conquered. After that midnight revelation made by Mr. Alfred Salamons to the young Baronet, Sir Rupert Lisle took the reins of government into his own hands, and made himself completely master of his own house. The young man no longer looked on every occasion to his friend, the Major, for advice; that gentleman had evidently lost his power over his pupil. To the narrow mind of Sir Rupert Lisle, the man who had once opposed him appeared ever afterwards in the light of an enemy. He avoided the Major as much as it was possible for him to do, and spent most of his time in riding backwards and forwards from Lislewood Park to the Grove. Olivia Marmaduke had never altered her manner to him; she received him with the same indifference that she had evinced on the occasion of his first visit, laughed at his awkwardness, quizzed his stupid speeches, ridiculed his attempted compliments, but fascinated him every day more and more.

There seemed to be something craven in his nature, which made him most love and admire this girl when she most openly despised him. He followed her about like a dog. He brought her almost every day some gorgeous piece of jewelry, generally chosen with execrable taste, but always of great value. He wanted Mrs. Walsingham to surrender the Lislewood diamonds, which were kept at the bankers to the family; but Claribel refused to give them up until her son's wedding day.

"It will be time enough then, Rupert," she said; "something might happen before that to break off the match."

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BURNING OF A REBEL SCHOONER IN QUANTICO OR DUMFRIES CREEK, POTOMAC RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 11, BY LIEUT. A. D. HARRELL, AND A DETACHMENT FROM THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE EXPEDITION.

[SEE DESCRIPTION ON FOURTH PAGE.]

"Nothing shall break off the match, except death!" exclaimed the Baronet, passionately. He then grew angry at the mere suggestion of any uncertainty as to his coming marriage.

Once, and once only, he had attempted to remonstrate with Olivia Marmaduke upon her conduct towards him.

"You treat me like a dog," he said. "You laugh at me, and make a fool of me. Upon my word, Livy, I don't believe you have a spark of love for me."

He had been dining at the Grove, and he was standing by Olivia's side at the piano, while her sisters and the Colonel were congregated round the fire place.

"Don't you?" she said, indifferently, twisting a diamond bracelet given to her by Sir Rupert round and round upon her wrist.—"Perhaps you had better always think that. Do you remember, when you proposed to me a fortnight ago, how very unsentimental we were? It was only, 'Will you consent to become Lady Lisle?' and 'Yes, Sir Rupert, I will.' I am not of a very romantic turn of mind, I assure you."

"Heaven knows, you are not!" answered the Baronet, bitterly. "Egad! I think if I were not Sir Rupert Lisle, and the rightful owner of the Lislewood estates, I should have a very poor chance with you, Miss Livy."

"I think you would, Sir Rupert. Pray, let us never quarrel about that. Heaven forbid that I should deceive you! Yes, you are quite right; I marry you for your title, and if you hadn't that title, I wouldn't marry you; and I marry you for your estate, and if you hadn't that estate, I wouldn't marry you. I am candid enough—am I not? And now, if the honest truth displeases you, let us shake hands, and say 'good-by.' I am quite willing to do so, I assure you." She held out her hand, which glittered and blazed with the diamond rings which he had given her. The light of the gems seemed to catch her eye, for she said, laughing, "Of course, if we part, I shall send you back all your presents; so don't be deterred by the money you have spent upon me."

"I'd spend every farthing I have in the world upon you, Livy," he said, passionately. "It seems very hard that you don't love me, when I love you so much; but whether you marry me for myself, or whether you marry me for my fortune, I must and will have you, for I can't live without you."

Later in the evening, as Olivia and Sir Rupert were seated at a small table playing backgammon, the eldest Miss Marmaduke, who had been out visiting, came into the drawing-room where they sat.

The Colonel was asleep in his easy chair by the fireplace. Lucy and Jane, the second and third sisters, looked up from their crochet.

"How have you enjoyed yourself, Laura?" asked Jane.

"Oh, not very particularly. We had rather a dull evening; but I must not forget, by-the-bye, to tell you a piece of news I heard from the rector." She glanced, as she spoke, rather maliciously towards her sister Olivia.

"Oh, pray, Laura, if you have any news, let us hear it," said that young lady, suppressing a yawn. "Shut up the board, Sir Rupert; I have won five games of you, and am quite tired of this delicious amusement.—Now, Laura," she said, rising from her chair, and walking to the fireplace, "let us hear what you have to tell us." She leant her elbow upon the corner of the mantel-shelf, resting her head upon her hand. She looked superbly handsome in the light of the wax candles and the red blaze of the fire. She wore a rich dress of alternate stripes of violet and amber. Her neck and arms were resplendent with the jewels given to her by the Baronet. Her beauty, her pride, and her splendor, filled her elder sister with hate and envy, and she determined to stab this proud heart to the inmost core. The Colonel woke at the sound of his daughters' voices, and looked about him. His eyes fixed themselves fondly upon his favorite child.

"Papa, you remember the Walter Remorden, Mr. Milward's last curate?" said Laura.

"Remember him? yes, of course. He left here three years ago, and got a curacy at some place near Chichester. Walter Remorden was the best friend the poor of Lislewood ever had. A very worthy fellow, and a great favorite of mine. I should be glad to see him again."

Laura had been watching her youngest sister during this speech of the Colonel's. A sombre darkness had spread itself like a veil over Olivia's handsome face.

"Well, papa," continued Miss Marmaduke, "poor Walter Remorden has been compelled to abandon his duties on account of his very delicate health, Mrs. Milward says. He was born in Lislewood, you know, and it seems that he had some invalid fancy that his native air would do him good; so Mrs. Milward very kindly invited him to the Rectory."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "is Walter Remorden staying at the Rectory?"

"Yes; he only arrived yesterday. Such a wreck, they say. But I must not bore Sir Rupert by talking of an invalid curate. Such congratulations, Olivia. Everybody is talking of the future Lady Lisle, and congratulating me upon my sister's brilliant prospects."

Olivia had neither stirred nor spoken since Walter Remorden's name had been mentioned, but after these last words of Laura's, she burst into a strange hysterical laugh, and walked straight out of the room.

The Colonel started from his chair.—"Livy!" he exclaimed, following her into the hall, "what is it, my darling, my pet,—what is the matter?"

"*I* know what it was," muttered Sir Rupert, looking gloomily at the four sisters. "It was that man's name. I saw her face change when you first mentioned it," he said, turning to Miss Marmaduke; "but let him look out, for, whoever he is, I'll be the death of him, if he tries to come between her and me."

The Colonel and Olivia returned in a few minutes, the old man leading his daughter into the room, with his arm round her waist. Her eyes were tearless, but thay had a feverish lustre in them. She seated herself by the fire, and, taking a hand-screen from the mantelpiece, held it before her face. Her lover did not attempt to address her, but sat watching her in sulky silence for about a quarter of an hour, and then rose to take his departure.

"Good night, Olivia," he said, after he had taken leave of the rest of the party. "You've told me plain enough to-night that you don't love me, and you've told me something more quite as plainly. I'm very much obliged to you."

She looked at him with an expression of supreme contempt. "Remember, I gave you your choice to-night," she said, "and I am ready to give it you again to-morrow. Good night."

A bright crimson spot, quite foreign to her usual complexion, burned upon each of her cheeks as she bade her lover adieu.

Early the next morning, Sir Rupert rode over to the Grove, and asked for a private interview with his betrothed. He had come to implore her to fix the day, for their wedding within the following three weeks. He found it singularly easy to obtain her consent to his wishes. "Let it be when you please, Sir Rupert," she said,—"if you still please that the wedding shall take place at all."

"Olivia!" he exclaimed; "*if* I still please—!"

"You may have seen enough to cause an alteration in your feelings towards me. If it is so, speak to me as frankly as I have spoken to you; but remember that, whether our union result in happiness or misery, you are entrapped into it by no act of mine."

When the young Baronet repeated his declaration, that nothing could turn him from his purpose, Olivia consented immediately to fix upon the day which he wished for the wedding. A rich maiden aunt had sent her a couple of hundred pounds for her *trousseau*, on hearing that her niece was about to make such a brilliant match. The house was noisy with the chatter of dressmakers and milliners, busy under the direction of Laura Marmaduke, who gave all the necessary orders. Olivia shut herself in her own room, and could with difficulty be induced to look at her dresses, or to have them fitted on. "How you worry me about the stupid silks and satins!" she said, impatiently. "You know I never cared for such finery, and I care less now. For Heaven's sake, Laura, let us hear no more of them!"

"Upon my word, Olivia, the future Lady Lisle has a charming temper! I pity Sir Rupert."

"Pity him, Laura!" repeated Olivia, fixing her great black eyes upon her sister's face, "pity him with with your whole heart, poor fellow, for he needs your pity!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT IS BEST TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, ETC.

Sir Rupert had presented his future bride with a thorough-bred bay horse. A magnificent animal, which had been the admiration of all Lislewood, and which had been carefully broken in for Miss Marmaduke by an experienced trainer. Strange to say, however, the young lady, who had never seemed tired of galloping about the downs upon the ill-looking gray horse borrowed from the farmer's stables, showed no inclination whatever to avail herself of Sir Rupert's present. She had not ridden the bay above three times. She seemed to have an antipathy to leaving the house, and had always some excuse for remaining at home. She would plead a headache, or her horror of the dreary November weather, when Sir Rupert begged to be allowed to escort her for a ride. As the days flew by, she grew pale and restless. She answered impatiently when her sisters spoke to her, and seemed to do her utmost to avoid them. With her father she was grave and silent, and to Sir Rupert, cold, reserved, and gloomy. It was altogether a most dreary courtship. The Baronet watched every change in his future bride.

"You are as white as a ghost, Livy," he said, one morning, "and you have great hollow circles round your eyes. I know you will be ill, and then something will happen to part us. Livy, Livy, you must and shall be my wife." He caught hold of her two slender hands, and pressed them passionately in his own, as if he had been seized with a sudden terror of losing her. "Olivia, why don't you take more air and exercise? Laura says that you shut yourself in your own room half the day. What can I do to please you, or to amuse you? I'll spend half my fortune in a day, if you like. What can I do?"

"Nothing," she said, "only leave me to myself. I daresay I am very ill-tempered and disagreeable; perhaps I am very wicked. I am fighting out a battle with my own soul. Only leave me alone, and it will soon be over, and I shall be myself again."

"I can't make you out, Olivia," replied her lover; "but I'll do anything you tell me, if you'll only promise to be my wife."

Sir Rupert left the Grove soon after this. The November day was dull and cheerless, and before dark the fog changed to a drizzling rain. They dined early at the Grove, and after dinner, Olivia sat by the fire at her father's feet, while he dozed in his easy chair. The four elder sisters were seated by one of the windows, availing themselves of the last rays of winter light.

Presently Olivia started from the footstool upon which she had been seated, and left the room. She returned in a few minutes, dressed in her bonnet and shawl.

"Why, where in goodness' name are you going, Olivia?" Laura asked, looking up from her work.

"To Lislewood Rectory, to see Mr. Milward," answered her sister, quietly.

"You've chosen a curious time for your visit, Livy," said Laura, with a sneer. "I didn't know you had a taste for walking in such weather as this. Besides, it will be dark before you get to the Rectory. You'd better wait until after your marriage, and then you can go there as Lady Lisle. Walter Remorden is to stay with the Milwards till after Christmas."

"Laura Marmaduke!" cried her sister, in a sudden outburst of rage, "you are a sour, disappointed old maid. You have not half as good a heart as my dog. I declare to you, that I would go to the Rectory this day, if all Lislewood was at my heels to sneer at and comment upon my conduct. So say what you like of me, and think what you like of me, and good afternoon to you." With which salutation, Olivia bounced out of the room, banging the door after her.

What shall I say of my heroine, for unfortunately, faulty and imperfect as this young lady may be, she is nevertheless my heroine? What shall I say of her? She has by no means the best of tempers. She is vehement and impulsive, and speaks her mind so freely, that she very often incurs people's dislike. But, on the other hand, she is generous and truthful, and when she has been rude to her quiet, unimpulsive elder sisters, she will go to them half an hour after the skirmish, in which she has come off victor, and will implore them to forgive her, and will violently upbraid herself for her evil disposition, and will betray such humility and contrition, that the ladies would be hard of heart indeed, if they could not bring themselves to excuse her. She loves her father with a proud and jealous fondness, which delights the Colonel, but which, in some manner, deprives him of the affection of his elder daughters; for Miss Olivia takes it very ill if any one but herself presumes to love her papa. In sort, she is a beautiful and imperfect creature, and it is difficult to some people to blame her, even when they cannot approve, and more difficult, perhaps, to others to help loving her, even when they are compelled to blame.

The drizzling rain and the fog closed in around her upon this dark November afternoon, as she turned into a country lane which led by a short cut from the Colonel's house into Lislewood village. Even by this shorter cut the distance was a mile and a half. Olivia had put on her oldest bonnet, and wrapped herself carelessly in a great woollen shawl, and she seemed quite indifferent to the incessant rain. Her dog had followed her without her having been aware, and when she had walked a little way, he came bounding round her, splashing her dress with his muddy fore feet. She fell on her knees upon the wet ground, and put her arms about the animal's neck. "My Box, my faithful, honest Box! I remember the day he stooped down to lay his hand upon your head, and kissed you here upon your rough, shaggy brow." And she pressed her lips passionately to the dog's forehead, as if there were some association which made the animal more than ordinarily dear to her; for Miss Olivia was by no means too well supplied with that very useful article for every-day wear, called common sense, and was therefore always led to do any foolish thing which impulse prompted.

"How silly I am!" she said, resuming her walk; "how weak and foolish! What will they think of me for this visit? What mischief it will do to myself, if it causes no harm to others! As if it were not mad enough and unhappy enough as it is! But I must go—I must, must, must go!"

She set her teeth together, and her delicate nostrils quivered convulsively, as she walked very rapidly onwards. She hurried through Lislewood, where the few little village shops were lighted by flaring tallow candles, and crossing the churchyard, came to the white gate leading into the Rectory garden. Here she stopped, and leaned for some minutes against the low wall which separated the churchyard from Mr. Milward's little lawn and shrubbery.

"I have a good mind to go back," she said, presently. "I think the walk has done me good, and, at least, I have been near him—near him without his knowing it. There are no lights in the upper windows. He is not confined to his room, then. He cannot be so very ill. He is in the drawing-room, no doubt," she added, looking at the broad window, shrouded by red curtains, through which streamed the light of a lamp. "Yes, yes, I will go home."

She was leaving the gate when a woman

crossed the churchyard and came towards the Rectory.

The woman, who was one of the rector's servants, knew Miss Marmaduke well, and recognized her on this occasion by the dog, Box, who was as well known in Lislewood as his mistress.

"Miss Marmaduke, Miss," said the woman, "Lord, if I wasn't wondering who it was a standing at master's gate, when I see your dog, Box, and then I knowed it was you. You've been to see missus, Miss?"

"No," stammered Olivia, blushing scarlet under her veil.

"But you're a going, Miss, ain't you? Missus was a talking of you, only yesterday, and a saying how she do want to see you. And Mr. Remorden, Miss—you remember he as was so intimate up at your house, and such a favorite with your papa—he be come back on a visit to master, and you never see such a change, Miss———But you'll come in and see Missus, Miss?" the woman repeated, checking herself.

"Yes," said Olivia abruptly. "I'll come."

The woman led the way through the narrow shrubbery walk, and across the well-kept garden. The dark outlines of the leafless trees swam before Olivia's eyes, and the white walls of the Rectory reeled as the receding cliffs and the lamp-lit crescent of Dover seem to reel when we leave that seaport upon a rough night. Before she could collect her senses, the servant had ushered her into Mrs. Milward's pretty drawing-room, and she was standing in a broad glare of light, and in the presence of three people. The rector, who was seated at a side table, writing; his wife, at work by the fireplace; and a young man, who lay on a sofa, wheeled close to the other side of the hearth. This young man was Walter Remorden, the late curate of Lislewood.

"My dear, this is kind of you," said Mrs. Milward, shaking hands with Olivia, and placing a chair for her opposite to the fire, "I thought you had quite forgotten us, and here you have had the courage to come to us on such an evening as this. I declare, your shawl is quite wet," and the good woman busied herself in removing Olivia's thick plaid shawl. "I will give it to Susan, to be dried for you, my dear, for of course you will stay and take tea with us."

Olivia silently submitted to the removal of her shawl. She had neither spoken, nor lifted her veil, since entering the room. She made no response to the rector's salutation, or to the far colder greeting from the invalid. She sat, rubbing her wet gloves one over the other, and twisting and untwisting her slender fingers. Her dog had followed her into the drawing-room, and sat in the centre of the hearth rug, looking about him complacently.

Walter Remorden was a man of about thirty years of age. He was taller and stouter, than Sir Rupert Lisle. His complexion was dark, and tanned by exposure to the air and sun. His hair was the darkest shade of chestnut, and clustered about his broad, low forehead in thick curls. His eyes were gray, large, clear, and expressive. Ill as he was, he was ten times more manly in appearance than the young Baronet. He had a little table at his side, upon which was a reading lamp, and a heap of books and papers. He had been reading a newspaper when Olivia entered the room, and after his brief salutation, he resumed the perusal of it, holding it in such a manner that it entirely shaded his face.

Mrs. Milward had plenty to say. She made Olivia remove her bonnet, and I think the curate lowered his paper for a moment to look across the top of the *Brighton Herald*, or the *Sussex Mercury*, or whatever journal it was that he was reading, at Miss Marmaduke's pale face. Olivia answered all Mrs. Milward's inquiries. Talked even of Sir Rupert Lisle, and the preparations for her coming marriage; but she could not overcome the feeling that there was something strange in her own voice, and that it must sound as unnatural to others as it did to herself. Not husky or unsteady, but rather preternaturally clear and distinct. Years afterwards she could, at any moment, recall the picture of the pretty lighted room, the recumbent figure upon the sofa, the curate's dark hair just visible above the paper he held before his face, the bright red curtains and the blazing fire, the pictures upon the walls—proof engravings of Landseer's deer-stalking subjects, the very rattling of the cups and saucers, and the hissing of the urn, as the servant brought in the tea-things—all these most trifling details, which made up the background of this painful scene in her life, were stamped at once and forever upon her memory.

After tea, Mr. Milward left the house to attend a vestry-meeting, and Mrs. Milward, taking out her work, settled herself for a pleasant chat with Olivia. Miss Marmaduke had fully intended to restrict her visit to half-an-hour at the utmost; but she lingered, yielding again and again to Mrs. Milward's entreaties to stay a little longer, rather from an inability to make the effort of leaving, than from any pleasure she felt from her stay.

"Now, my dear," said the rector's wife, triumphantly, as her husband left the room, "you cannot possibly go till Mr. Milward returns, for, of course, he must see you home."

"Papa will very likely send for me, when he finds I stay," Olivia said, indifferently.

Walter Remorden had dropped his newspaper, and languidly joined, now and then, in the conversation. When Mr. Milward had been gone about half-an-hour, Mrs. Milward was summoned to reply to some applicant for relief, who was waiting to see her in the kitchen.

Left alone with the curate, Olivia sat for some time silently caressing her dog, who had laid his head affectionately upon her knee.

"When do you return to your curacy near Chichester, Mr. Remorden?" she said, at last.

"I doubt if I shall return to it at all, Miss Marmaduke," he answered, quietly. "I am offered a curacy at Belminster, in Yorkshire, which promises to be in every respect more advantageous."

She scarcely seemed to hear what he said, but sat pulling her dog's shaggy ears, and looking thoughtfully into the fire; presently she said, with strange suddenness,—

"Walter Remorden, how utterly you must despise me!"

He had been so entirely calm and self-possessed before, even when he could have scarcely failed to perceive her agitation, that a stranger would have set him down as incapable of any strong emotion, but, as Olivia spoke, the whole character of his face changed, and he lifted one thin hand entreatingly, as he exclaimed—

"For pity's sake, for the sake of all that is merciful and womanly, do not speak one word, Olivia Marmaduke, to recall the past. I have wrestled hard. I have prayed so many prayers that I might be able to bear my sufferings, and it is not for you to open old wounds, which are healed, which are healed," he repeated, passionately. "I live for nothing in this world, but to do my duty as a minister of the Gospel. For that end, I pray to be restored to health and strength, though, Heaven forgive me, the day has been when I have wished that I might never leave this house, except to be carried to one of yonder graves."

She had never taken her eyes from the fire during this speech.

"I am very glad you have so entirely recovered," she said, with a strange laugh; "it gives me less reason to reproach myself for that which must seem—what, indeed, it is—the cold-blooded treachery of an ambitious and mercenary woman, anxious only for her own advantage. I suppose Sir Rupert's title, and Sir Rupert's estate, contrasted with such hideous intensity with the poverty of our shabby home, dazzled and maddened me, till I forgot the promise—which was, after all, but a half-promise—which I made two years ago to you. I have suffered very much; but I am glad that I came here to-night, as this sets all at rest. You see, through reading so many novels, I had taken it into my head that men's hearts were very easily broken."

As she finished speaking, the door was suddenly opened, and Sir Rupert Lisle burst into the room. He flung himself into a chair without removing his hat, or noticing the presence of the curate.

"I've been down to the Grove, Miss Marmaduke," he said, his voice betraying suppressed rage, "and Laura told me where you had come. So I thought, as it isn't quite the thing for the future Lady Lisle to be streaming through Lislewood street alone after dark, I came here to fetch you."

"I shouldn't have streamed through Lislewood street alone after dark, Sir Rupert," answered Olivia, flashing the lightning of her black eyes upon the angry Baronet; "there are people in this house who know as well what is correct for Olivia Marmaduke—who is of quite as much consequence as the future Lady Lisle—to do, as yourself, believe me. Take off your hat, Sir Rupert!" she added, in a tone of command, such as she might have used in addressing her dog; "and let me introduce you to Mr. Remorden, my papa's esteemed friend."

Whatever suspicions the Baronet might have harbored, whatever jealous fury he might have felt, there was something in the brave soul of Olivia Marmaduke which immediately subdued and conquered her lover. He acknowledged Mr. Remorden's bow by a sulky nod, which was meant to be civil, and even went so far as to mutter something about being glad to make his acquaintance, of which condescension the curate took no notice whatever.

"I want you to come home, Livy," he said, "I can't endure my life without you; I dined at home to-night; but I was so dull and wretched after dinner, that I was obliged to have the chestnut saddled, and ride over to the Grove. It's raining hard; but I've got the fly from the Crown Inn waiting for you. Do come, Livy."

"As soon as I have wished Mrs. Milward good-night, Sir Rupert," she said; and the young man left the room to give some directions to the driver of the fly.

As soon as Sir Rupert was gone, Walter Remorden rose, with an effort, from the sofa upon which he had been lying, and stood by Olivia's side before the fireplace, supporting himself against the mantelpiece.

"Olivia," he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion, "there is no dishonor in my asking you if this marriage is irrevocably determined upon?"

"It is."

"And it is no longer in your power to withdraw from your engagement to this man?"

"It is no longer in my power."

"Heaven help you, then, unhappy girl! I dare not urge you to that which you would feel to be dishonorable, even for your own happiness. But, oh, Olivia! had I seen this man before you pledged your word to him, I would have entreated you, upon my knees, to reject his proposals. I thought that you might not, perhaps, love him. I fancied that his position might have dazzled you; but I thought that, at least he was a gentleman."

Mrs. Milward and Sir Rupert returned to the room before Olivia could reply, and in ten minutes she was seated in the fly, with the Baronet riding by her side upon his chestnut mare. She shuddered, as she looked through the rain-blotted windows at the dim figure of the young man.

"I feel as if I were in a prison," she thought, "with him as my gaoler."

CHAPTER XXV.

OLIVIA'S WEDDING.

On the very last day of November, a long line of carriages extended from the churchyard wall half way down the little village street, waiting for the aristocratic assembly gathered in the church to witness the marriage of Sir Rupert Lisle to Olivia Marmaduke.

The Baronet declared that he had no idea of doing the thing shabbily; other people might talk of a quiet wedding; but he wanted everybody in Sussex to know of his marriage with the handsomest woman in the county. So invitations were issued far and wide, in every direction. A staff of Gunter's men brought the breakfast and the wedding-cake down to the Park, and the Lislewood servants were put almost aside, while the strangers made their arrangements, and executed their orders; for Sir Rupert had insisted, in defiance of everybody, that the breakfast should be given at his house, and not at the Grove.

"You can give a breakfast yourself, if you like," he said to the Colonel; "nobody hinders you; but I don't suppose you've house-room for half the county, and I mean half the county to be at my wedding, I can tell you."

So Olivia Marmaduke walked to the altar amidst a crowd of splendidly-dressed women and fashionable men; costly silks filled the solemn aisle, and made the place noisy with their perpetual rustling. Mechlin lace and snowy plumes, wondrous artificial flowers, which trembled under the dew upon their petals; marvellous fans, all mother-of-pearl and swansdown, and gilding and enamel; gold and jewelled-stoppered scent bottles, and twenty other beautiful and expensive braveries, were so common amongst the assembly, that the rustic charity children and the villagers, who crowded every nook and corner accessible to them, had not eyes enough to stare at all that was to be seen, and went away at last dissatisfied.

The Lislewood beadle, with an immense satin favor pinned on to his new waistcoat, was especially sharp with the humble villagers that morning. He hustled them out of the pews, and banished them even from the free seats, driving them into obscure corners, and pushing them behind pillars, and seeming altogether as if he could hardly find it in his heart to allow them to exist at all upon such an occasion.

"Now really," he said reproachfully, to every fresh rustic who presented himself, "if I'd knowed there'd been so many of you a comin' to poke *your* noses in, I'd have made my arrangements accordin'."

A bishop, distantly related to the Lisle family, came all the way from the west of England to celebrate the marriage; and probably that clerical dignity was a little surprised at the manners and conduct of his rich kinsman, Sir Rupert. Perhaps the Baronet had never appeared to worse advantage than upon this eventful morning. His agitation, which he was quite enable to conceal, had blanched his cheeks to a ghastly whiteness, while the end of his sharp pinched nose was scarlet from the raw cold of the November day. His clothes, though made by the most fashionable of the tailors at the West-end, seemed to fit him badly, and to become him worse. The very hot-house flower which he placed in his button-hole dropped its petals, and withered and shrunk, as if it had been blighted by the contact with anything so mean. His patent leather boots creaked even upon the red baize, which had been laid from the altar steps to the gate of the churchyard. He dropped his hat in the middle of the aisle, and it went rolling down to the end of the church, causing a suppressed tittering amongst the fashionable crowd, and one or two loud guffaws, speedily checked by the beadle, from the humbler spectators. His hand, when he gave it to Olivia, to lead her to the altar, was cold and clammy, and shook like a leaf.

The bride, on the contrary, was superb in her haughty loveliness. Everybody in Lislewood had always considered Olivia Marmaduke a handsome girl: but they had rarely seen her, except in a shabby riding habit, or a coarse straw bonnet and large woollen shawl. But in her bridal dress, with a high diadem shaped wreath of orange buds and water lilies, and with a veil of the richest Honiton lace falling about her like a snowy cloud, she looked an Empress, and an audible murmur of admiration broke from the crowd as her father led her up the aisle.

Mrs. Walsingham, at forty years of age, still a beautiful woman, was simply dressed in pale gray silk; but Mrs. Major Varney wore an amber brocade, which glittered in the sunshine like a robe of gold. Her beauty, very little impaired by time, was more gorgeous even than that of the bride, and people asked each other who that Jewish-looking woman, in the yellow dress, was, and where she had sprung from?

The Major seemed perfectly reconciled to the marriage, which he had first so seriously opposed. He looked the picture of good humor. His expanse of light waistcoat seemed broader than ever, as he pulled at his yellow moustachios with his fat white hands, and beamed upon the brilliant assembly. Perhaps an interview which he had had with Sir Rupert Lisle the night before may have had something to do with all this radiant good humor. It had been a very serious interview, indeed, and it had ended in Mr. Salamons being summoned to act as witness to some document drawn up by the Major, and signed by the young man. So peace was restored in the house of Lislewood, and the bishop read the solemn service, which made Olivia Marmaduke and the young man whose cold, damp hand trembled in hers, man and wife; and the strings of carriages drove back to Lislewood Park, where there was feasting and flirting, and small-talk and scandal, and popping of champagne corks, until the early twilight, and where, perhaps, not six among the people assembled had one thought of the happiness or the misery of the newly-married pair, who drove off at about three o'clock amidst the clanging of the Lislewood bells, on their journey across country to Folkestone, whence they were to start for the continent.

Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters stayed to dine at the Park with Mrs. Walsingham and her younger son, and Major and Mrs. Varney. They were a very snug little party. Claribel was far more cheerful in the absence of Sir Rupert, and the Major made himself even more agreeable than usual.

The ladies from the Grove looked wonderingly round the splendid drawing-room, as they sat there after dinner. All this wealth, luxury, and magnificence, was henceforth their sister's.

"How well Lady Lisle looked this morning," said the Major.

Mrs. Walsingham started at the mention of the name which had once been her own. Olivia's four sisters felt a simultaneous thrill of envy at the sound. Lady Lisle! Yes, it was really true,—she was indeed Lady Lisle!

The very day previous to that upon which Sir Rupert's wedding was celebrated, Walter Remorden turned his back upon the quiet little Sussex village where he had been born, and which he loved with that deep love a man so often has for some obscure spot, which, though not altogether loveable in itself, is dearer to him by the strong power of association than all the rest of the universe. He looked longingly back at the broad bare downs as the express train carried him London-wards. They were beautiful to him even under the cold gray of the November sky, though not a blue-bell nor a solitary sprig of heather was left to break the dull monotony of the brown stunted grass. As he watched the changing and ridgy lines cut sharply out against that cold gray sky, and broken only here and there by a patch of pine-wood, he thought Sussex the most beautiful county in the world. "I am home-sick already," he said to himself, "and I have not come above twenty miles of my journey. How bitter it seems to me to go so far from all to whom I have attached myself; but I could never have stayed at Lislewood to see her that man's wife."

Walter Remorden had chosen to accept this Yorkshire curacy solely for the purpose of exiling himself from the neighborhood of the woman he had loved. Mr. Milward had had a promise of a better living than that of Lislewood, and the curate would have had every chance of succeeding his old rector; for the bishop of the diocese was fully aware of the young man's popularity. But Providence had so ordained it that this man, of all others, should take up his abode in the obscure town of Belminster, and on the evening of Olivia Marmaduke's wedding-day Walter Remorden arrived at his destination.

Now, this very Belminster was the same quiet Yorkshire town to which Mr. Alfred Salamons had made a journey in the August of the same year, and it was in no wise altered since the visit of that gentleman. There was the same solitary porter and all-important inspector at the railway station, the same advertisements upon the walls, the same clerk in the ticket-office, the same pamphlets and magazines upon the bookstall,—one would have thought almost the same stale buns and fly-blown soda-water bottles, in the refreshment-room. At the inn, to which a musty-smelling fly, drawn by a horse which had once won a race upon the course outside the town, conveyed Walter and his luggage, the appearance of a traveller caused mingled consternation and delight. A few tradesmen lounged into the parlor every evening to drink a glass of ale, and to come to unfriendly words upon the merits and demerits of the two members for Belminster. Sometimes a traveller, come to Belminster to push some new article of manufacture among the snug little shopkeepers, would take a bit of dinner in the coffee-room; but a gentleman who wished to stay all night, and might, perhaps, as he said, stay for a day or two, while he looked about him, was, indeed, a person to be treated with distinction. So Walter was escorted up a broad staircase into the prettiest of sitting-rooms, where a blazing fire had been lighted for his comfort, and in which there was an oval mirror, and a picture of the minster, and portrait of the horse that had won the Belminster gold cup. The landlady, who had discovered from Walter's portmanteau that he was the Mr. Remorden who was coming as curate, drew up the blind and showed him the church, which was directly opposite the window.

"The minster is at the other end of the town, sir," she said; "but your church, St. Clement's that is, is accounted as fine a building, and is, I'm told, the oldest of the two."

The young man looked languidly enough at the dusky shape of the fine old edifice on the other side of the broad market-place. It was difficult for him to take any interest in his new duties. He asked a great many questions about the poor of the place, while his landlady spread the table with a meal, which would have been more than sufficient for a dozen, and the whole of which—cheese-cakes, jam turn-overs, hot seed cakes and plum-cakes, broiled ham and eggs, and cold fowl, she included under the modest denomination of a cup of tea.

She told the curate enough, while she was pouring out his tea, to convince him that there was plenty for him to do in Belminster, and that, whatever his troubles might be, he would have very little time for any idle regrets, or wicked repining.

"If there is one thing more beautiful than another in that faith, in reforming which we have done away with much that was estimable," mused the curate, later in the evening, "it is that utter self-abnegation which the Roman Catholic church demands of a man who takes up her banner. Love! what has he to do with love? In the crowded streets, as in the cloister, he lives alone for the performance of the duty allotted to him." We must not forget, however, that Walter Remorden had been crossed in love, and that perhaps a tinge of asceticism had crept over his mind since he had been so treacherously jilted by Olivia Marmaduke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An honest Hibernian tar, who was a favorite of Paul Jones, used to pray in these words every night when he turned in: "God be thanked, I never killed a man nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the United States Navy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

THE RECALL OF FREMONT.

This deed, menaced so long, has been consummated, and Fremont has been removed from the army of the west.

The deed being done, the administration which did it, have a right to a lenient judgment. They are responsible for the conduct of the war, and must have full liberty to appoint fresh and remove old generals.

But while we admit this, it must not be forgotten that the administration itself is merely an agent. It represents the country. Being thus itself an agent also, it is of course subject to that discussion of the exercise of its great powers, which is necessary, in order that its Great Principal and Employer, the Country, should be able to pronounce intelligently upon its actions.

Because the Head Agent, in the exercise of its conferred powers, has removed a subordinate Agent, it does not follow that its course must be acquiesced in as expedient and proper, by the Principal who employs and pays both.

We may, therefore, without feeling any desire to embarrass the administration, make a few remarks relative to the removal of Gen. Fremont.

It is evident that in considering General Fremont's case, it would be unwise if we did not remember that Gen. Fremont was to a great extent, a Representative Man. Of all the important generals, he was the only one who represented that portion of the Republican party which we may term, for want of a better name, the Radical Republicans.

Now, we hold it to be an indisputable axiom, that it is seldom wise for an administration to give offence to any large portion of the party which has brought it into power, and unto which it must mainly look for its support. Especially do we think this true of that portion of a party which may be considered its very core and heart. Now the class of men who have been displeased by Gen. Fremont's removal, is the very class but for whose exertions there never would have been any Republican party. These men looked over the whole field, and saw that the administration which they themselves had placed in power—for 1860 was but the natural sequel to 1856—had given them, out of four Major Generals of the Regular Army, but one Representative of their principles.

Therefore, unless there was absolute danger to the Union cause in the West from Gen. Fremont's corruption and incompetency, we hold that it was unwise to remove him.

As to the charge of incompetency against Fremont, we cannot think it stands on very solid grounds. Look at the facts: General Thomas, at Tipton, said, as he has himself stated in his Report, that Fremont could not move his army. We have further heard it stated, and it is merely a logical inference from Gen. Thomas's own published language, that the General said at Tipton, so far as any effective action was to be expected, Fremont might as well take his army back to St. Louis. General Hunter, as we fairly infer from General Thomas's report of his language, thought so too. And yet Fremont did move his army—drove the enemy to the southern portion of Missouri—and was expecting battle and victory when the order of his recall arrived.

The administration may say that they feared Fremont would lose the battle—that he was comparatively an untried man. But who is Hunter? Hunter was never in a battle in his life, before the Bull Run affair—and then, if we remember rightly, he was wounded early in the action, and reached Washington in an ambulance about the time Mr. Russell did.

Besides, the admitted devotion of Fremont's men and officers to him, may be taken as some proof of his competency—unless the army in Missouri are a great pack of ninnies also. For our part, the idea that *Western* soldiers, of all others, could be made to see competency where there was only the most wretched incompetency, seems to us alike supremely ridiculous and insulting. Of all people in the world, our Western friends "have their eye-teeth cut."

As to the charge of corruption in the contracts, it comes with rather an ill grace from the East, and especially from Washington. Does any one believe that corruption does not prevail, to an alarming extent, everywhere—and "without distinction of locality or party?" But why should all the wrong doings in Missouri be charged upon Fremont, and the wrong doings on the Potomac, and in New York and Philadelphia, not be charged to Scott, or McClellan, or the Secretary of War, or the President?

Some of these charges, moreover, have been already explained, others flatly denied, and we think it the part of justice not to give judgment until we hear both sides of the question. But that an army of sixty thousand men can be put into the field, even only partially uniformed, equipped, &c., in *sixty days*, without Uncle Sam's money sticking to a good many fingers, *in spite* of all the efforts of the General in command, we do not believe. A better business man than Fremont would be cheated in such an effort, again and again. Because even a Major General is but a man—and cannot oversee every thing, and do it in a great hurry besides.

But large numbers of people do not believe that Fremont's alleged corruption and incapability were more than the pretence for his removal. And such views are curiously corroborated occasionally. For instance, read the following paragraph from a recent letter by "Occasional" to the Philadelphia *Press*, Mr. Forney's paper:—

> Nothing has done more to weaken the secessionists than the growing opinion that Mr. Lincoln is determined not to be driven from his purpose by the cry that he contemplates an attack upon the institution of slavery. When Gen. Fremont's proclamation reached Richmond it was received with shouts of joy, but when it was modified, this act of the President was concealed or misrepresented, lest it might operate against the designs of the traitors. *Now that Fremont has been superseded, however, a practical pledge is given, not merely that the President has resolved to adhere to his original policy, but that he will do nothing which can give offence to the loyal men of any section.*

The *Press*, not very long ago, declared in an editorial the very reverse—and said that Fremont's removal, if it took place, would have no reference to his Proclamation. We believe that "Occasional" at Washington, and moving in official circles, is better informed than the editor in Philadelphia. Both "Occasional" and the editor, by the way, approve of the removal.

But if the Government's real motive for the removal of Fremont was his Proclamation—and the applause it met with, even from such prints as the *New York Herald*—would it not have been more manly, and better policy, to avow it? If we understand the spirit of the American people, a bold and manly course is always the best one to pursue with them. They like not any thing that even bears the appearance of "stabbing under the fifth rib," with an "Art thou in *bad* health, my brother?"

Well, the administration has at last thought well to take the responsibility even at the risk of offending an interest among its supporters, strong in numbers, and very powerful in energy and intellect. The Future—to which all appeal—will probably show the wisdom or folly of the course that has been taken. If the graves of several political aspirants are not dug by this measure, we shall be somewhat mistaken. And if their graves are thus dug, perhaps the ultimate gain to the country may recompense it for any blunder that may have been perpetrated by Fremont's removal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—The resignation of Beauregard is not credited by his friends here, who assert that he has merely been called to Charleston for the purpose of advising with reference to the contemplated Union attack upon that city.

"*His friends*"—then it seems that that arch rebel still has "friends" in Washington, and that loyal reporters have means of knowing what their views are. Funny place that Washington.

☞ A girl at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her face look so unusually red. She replied, those horrid chaps.

☞ A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, are the support and ornament of a government.

☞ It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century yields some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

☞ The following was in a letter written by a rebel from Laurel Hill to his sweetheart: "I say agen deer Melindy weer fitin for our libertees 2 dew gest as we pleas, and *weel* fite for them as long as *god dimity* givs us breth."

☞ A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.

☞ Every heart is a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

☞ The following remark was made by a swell, inspecting through his eye-glass a very small infant exhibited to him at the instance of its father by its nurse. "Welcome, little stwangeaw! Baby, singular queschaw—Of cawse, A was once a baby myself. Ought to make a fella humble—the ideaw of evaw having been so much like a puppy!"

☞ The greatest triumph of English alliteration, according to a writer in the London Quarterly, is the following line, composed by a young lady in the year 1860, on the occasion of a gentleman by the name of Lee planting a lane with lilacs—

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

In which not only every word, but every syllable begins with the same letter.

☞ PHILOSOPHICAL.—Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them, complaining that he felt the rain,—"Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this is wet through, we will go to another."—*Porter's Spirit.*

AMONG the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly:
So man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.
—*Alice Cary.*

☞ An Irish guide told Dr. Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

☞ A great deal of nonchalance that passes for philosophy is nothing more or less than natural stupidity.

☞ Napoleon was not so extravagant as many people imagine when he declared that in modern times "bayonets think." Is it not evident that every polished bayonet is capable of reflection?

☞ Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should, perhaps, have excepted the Dead Sea.

FROM MISSOURI.

RECALL OF FREMONT—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE ARMY—DEPARTURE OF FREMONT AND STAFF—HUNTER ASSUMES THE COMMAND.

On the 2nd of November, at Springfield, small bodies of the enemy came within twelve miles of us, and news was received of the approach of their advance guard, 2,800 strong.

Preparations were being made to go out and attack them, when Gen. Fremont received the unconditional order from Washington relieving him at once from the command of the Western Department.

Simultaneously the newspapers arrived announcing the fact. The intelligence spread like wildfire through the camps, and created indescribable excitement and indignation.

A great number of the officers signified their intention to resign at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring that they would fight under no one but Fremont.

The General spent much of the afternoon expostulating with the officers, and urging them by their patriotism and their personal regard for him not to abandon their posts.—The body guard, who could not be induced to remain, and who will now disband, as the terms of their enlistment permit, will accompany Gen. Fremont and his entire staff, including Gen. Asboth, commander of the first division.

A large number of the residents of Green, Jasper, and other adjoining counties, recently joined Price's army, and many of our officers think the rebel force nearly 60,000 men. (Probably an exaggeration.)

Fremont has been up nearly the whole of the past five nights making the most perfect arrangements for a battle, and the confidence of the army in him was never so great as at present.

Fremont issued the following farewell address to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
Nov. 2, 1861.

Soldiers of the Mississippi Army:

Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you.

Our army has been of sudden growth, and we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career.

Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you most sincerely. I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms.

JOHN C. FREMONT,
Major General U. S. A.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 4.—It would be impossible to exaggerate the gloom which pervaded our camps yesterday, and nothing but Gen. Fremont's urgent endeavors prevented it from ripening into a general mutiny. His quarters were thronged with officers all day, expressing their indignation and the inclination to resign. The Germans were there *en masse*, and talked loudly about resisting Gen. Hunter's assuming the command.

As the enemy had entrenched themselves upon Wilson's Creek, and nothing was heard of Gen. Hunter, and in accordance with the most earnest entreaties, Gen. Fremont finally promised, just at dusk, that he would lead the army to attack them this morning, if Gen. Hunter did not arrive. I never saw anything at all approach the excitement which this announcement created. It caused immense cheering around the headquarters, which spread in all directions from camp to camp, and there was almost uninterrupted cheering, growing more and more remote as the news reached the camps further and further away.

For two hours and a half a dozen bands of music were serenading the general at once. Everything was prepared to start at daylight, and all parading and disappointment was changed to universal joy. Our army, under that inspiration, would have whipped a hundred thousand men, but at 10 o'clock Gen. Hunter arrived. He spent one hour and a half with Gen. Fremont, who gave him his plan of battle. Gen. Hunter then assumed the command, and Gen. Fremont left for St. Louis, via Tipton, this morning.

If we have a fight before the army recovers from its last and cruel disappointment, we fear greatly for the result, but hope for the best.

General Pope is here with his entire division, and General Hunter's division will be here to-night, when the troops will be concentrated here.

All of General Fremont's staff left with him, except Colonels Lovejoy, Shank and Hudson.

The following is General Hunter's order on assuming the command:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 4, 1861.

The command of this department having been relinquished by Major-General Fremont, is assumed by the undersigned. Officers commanding divisions, together with their brigade commanders are requested to report immediately at these headquarters.

(Signed) J. HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 7.—A letter from an officer high in rank, dated Springfield, Nov. 6, says affairs were quiet, and the army in good spirits; that there was no enemy near, and Gen. Hunter had no expectation of a battle at present.

A dispatch from Gen. Fremont, dated in camp near Quincy, Mo., Nov. 6, says he will be at St. Louis on Friday, accompanied by 408 men.

THE ENEMY RETIRING—OUR PICKETS EXTENDED TO WILSON'S CREEK—CAPTURE OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF REBEL PROPERTY.

ROLLA, Mo., Nov. 7.—(Correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat.)—Captain Stevens, who left Springfield on Tuesday morning, has reached here, and reports that on Tuesday morning our pickets were to be extended beyond the old battle ground at Wilson's Creek, the advance guard of the enemy having retreated from that position.

Their advance guard at that point number 7,500 strong.

Gen. Wyman had been appointed Provost Marshal of Springfield, and our lines were strictly guarded, no person being allowed to pass west or south-west.

The expedition under Col. Dodge, which left Rolla a few days since in quest of ex-Judge Freeman's band of marauding rebels, took possession of Houston, in Texas county, on the 4th instant, and captured a large amount of rebel property and several prominent secessionists, including some officers of the rebel army. A large mail for the rebel army was also captured, containing information of the position of the entire rebel force in Missouri.

Captain Wood, with his Rangers, has gone forward to Spring Valley, to attack the main body of Freeman's band stationed there.

CAPTURE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY UNION TROOPS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 6.—One hundred and fifty U. S. troops, under Captain Schieles, were captured by the enemy, near Little Santa Fe, Missouri, this morning. The detachment was on the route to join Gen. Fremont's army. The force of the enemy is reported at 500 men.

THE EFFECTS OF FREMONT'S REMOVAL MUCH EXAGGERATED—RESIGNING OFFICERS CHANGE THEIR MINDS—THE ENEMY STILL RETREATING—NO PROSPECT OF A BATTLE—GENERAL HUNTER PROCEEDING QUIETLY TO WORK.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 5.—[Dispatch to the St. Louis Democrat.]—Gen. Hunter has not yet put into effect any decided measures for the conduct of the campaign, but I am informed that he will adopt plans entirely different from those of Fremont.

Col. Merrill was sent out on a reconnoissance yesterday, with 140 cavalry and a section of artillery. He examined the country around Wilson's Creek, but discovered no signs of the enemy, their advanced guard having left for the south on Sunday morning.

The main body of the rebels are supposed to be in the vicinity of Cassville. Gen. Hunter has little faith at present in their having designs of attacking us. He will, however, in a few days have such reliable information of their numbers, position, &c., as to decide as to the future.

The troops are now apparently as enthusiastic as ever, and the more they learn of their new commander the better are they satisfied with him. This opinion is also strengthened by the high opinion entertained of Gen. Hunter by all the old regular army officers.

The reports that the officers of many companies and their commands threw down their arms upon the announcement of the removal of Gen. Fremont cannot be traced to any reliable source.

Gen. Hunter's position on the contraband question is understood to be as follows:—

All negroes coming into camp will be retained, and such of them as are proved to be the property of Union men will be duly appraised and receipted for, to be paid when and how Congress may see fit.

Gen. Asboth has concluded to remain in command of his division.

Col. Albert, acting Brigadier-General, will also remain, and several valuable foreign officers who at first decided not to remain.

Marcus J. Parrott, of Kansas, has been appointed on Gen. Hunter's staff.

The cannonading at Sarcoxie some days since is said to have been a salute paid in honor of some act passed by the rebel legislature assembled at that place.

LATER.

Nov. 6.—According to information received by General Hunter, it is now said that Gen. Price has no intention of attacking us, and that if pursued further by us he will scatter his army or retreat to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and await developments on the Potomac and in Kentucky.

It is very doubtful whether any futher advance of the main body of our army will be made, but further intelligence of the numbers, position and designs of the rebels may change the policy.

Gen. Sigel has been appointed commandant at this post.

Gen. Hunter spent a part of yesterday in visiting the various camps and examining into the general condition of the army, and today he has gone on a reconnoissance south, with his body-guard, 400 infantry, a battery of artillery, and several companies of cavalry.

Brigadier-General Sturgis has been appointed chief of the staff and of cavalry on Gen. Hunter's staff.

FREMONT'S ARRIVAL IN ST. LOUIS—A TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.

St. Louis, Nov. 8.—Gen. Fremont arrived here in a special train this evening, and was met at the depot by an enthusiastic crowd of citizens. Large delegations of Germans from the various wards of the city escorted the General to his quarters in a torchlight procession.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

MARYLAND.—The whole vote cast in Baltimore was 21,069. The Union ticket received an average of 17,722, and the majority for A. W. Bradford, the Union candidate for Governor, is 14,375. His majority in the state will be nearly 32,000.

The vote of Baltimore at the last Presidential election was about 29,000. The Union ticket therefore has a clear majority of the whole vote, even when the city is full. The whole vote (all polled) at present, would be probably not 25,000.

WISCONSIN.—Late returns show large Democratic gains, and the result is doubtful.—Racine County, which usually gives 1,000 Republican majority, is now supposed to have gone Democratic.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The vote is small—Republican majority probably 32,000. Legislature, both branches, Republican.

The vote of Boston for Governor is as follows:—

For John A. Andrews (Republican),	5,917
For Isaac Davis (Democrat),	5,281

Caleb Cushing is elected to the Legislature from Newburyport.

The chief interest of the election was in Burlingame's old district, the seat in Congress having been made vacant by the resignation of Wm. Appleton. Samuel Hooper, the Republican candidate is elected over G. B. Upton (Democrat), by 900 majority. Charles G. Loring, of Boston, and ex-Governor Clifford, of New Bedford, are both elected to the State Senate on the Republican ticket.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats are successful—carrying both branches of the Legislature.

NEW-YORK.—*Albany*, Friday, Nov. 8, 1861.—The Evening Journal of to-day says that Wright, Democrat, is undoubtedly elected Canal Commissioner for the short term. The Atlas and Argus estimates the majority for the People's Union ticket, except as above, at 75,000.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SCOTT—PREDICTION REGARDING THE WAR.

New York, Nov. 8.—General Scott received the Chamber of Commerce and Union Defence Committee to-day. He spoke highly of the President and Generals McClellan and Halleck, saying that, under the command of the two latter and their Brigadiers, he had no doubt that our armies would be led to victory, and no doubt that they would achieve an honorable peace within a few months.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF THE REBELS.—Information reached Washington, on the 8th from the Lower Potomac that the enemy's apparent retrograde movement of yesterday afternoon was continued last night and this forenoon. Contrabands and others from among them, state that the removing troops are destined for points south of the Potomac.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PREMIUM FOR 1862.

A LITERARY AND NEWS PAPER!

STORIES, SKETCHES, WAR NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

Those wishing to economize in these war times, cannot, we think, do better than to subscribe for that "oldest and best of the weeklies," THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. For the small price of *two dollars* a year, (down to *one dollar*, in *clubs*,) a paper is sent, containing a summary of all the

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK,

at the same time that ample space is devoted to STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, CHOICE RECEIPTS, AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS, POETRY, HUMOROUS ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, &c.

We design commencing the new year with a story from the talented pen which has heretofore afforded our readers so much pleasure. The new story will be called

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT;

OR,

A LIFE'S SECRET.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "THE MYSTERY," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

We also announce an admirable PREMIUM for these war times,

A LARGE COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES.

THIS MAP IS FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

It comprises all the Slaveholding States: the States are in different colors: the Counties, Towns, Villages, Harbors, Rivers and Forts are given: the Railroads, their stations and distances, are also laid down: the whole Map being compiled from the latest government and other reliable sources. The importance of this Map, in enabling the reader of the War News to understand all land or sea movements in the Southern States, need not be enlarged upon. Without a Map, and a good one, the War News must be more or less unintelligible to the reader. This Map is, as we have said, *four feet in length by three feet in breadth!* EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THESE MAPS—AND ONE OF THEM WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO **THE POST**, ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE COMING YEAR. TO TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE COUNTRY, THEY WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, UPON RECEIPT OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS, (*the postage being prepaid by us!*)

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR OPPOSITE COLUMBUS, Ky.

THE EXPEDITION FROM CAIRO—SEVEN THOUSAND REBELS DEFEATED BY HALF THEIR NUMBER—THE ENEMY DRIVEN FROM THEIR ENTRENCHMENTS—REBEL CAMP BURNED—ALL THEIR STORES, CANNON AND BAGGAGE CAPTURED—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY REBEL PRISONERS—LOSS OF UNION TROOPS 300 TO 500—REBEL LOSS HEAVY.

CAIRO, Nov. 7.—An expedition left here last night, under command of Gens. Grant and McClernand, and landed at Belmont, three miles above Columbus, at 8 o'clock this morning. The Union troops, numbering 3,500 men, engaged the rebels, whose force amounted to 7,000, at 11 o'clock. The battle lasted till sundown. The rebels were driven from three entrenchments across the river, with great loss. Their camp was burned, with all their stores and baggage. Their cannon, horses and mules, with 100 prisoners, were captured.

The Union troops then retired, the rebels having received reinforcements from Columbus.

Both of our generals had their horses shot from under them. Colonel Dougherty, of Illinois, was wounded, and taken prisoner by the rebels.

The rebel loss is not known. The Union loss is believed to be from three to five hundred.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—A special Cairo dispatch to-day gives the particulars of the fight at Belmont yesterday:—

Our forces consisted of the following Illinois regiments—22nd, Col. Dougherty; 27th, Col. Buford; 30th, Col. Foulke; 31st, Col. Logan; 7th Iowa regiment, Col. Lamon; Taylor's Chicago artillery, and Dollen's and Delano's cavalry. They left Cairo on the steamers Alex. Scott, Chancellor, Memphis, and Keystone State, accompanied by the gunboats Lexington and Tyler. After landing they were formed in line of battle, Gen. McClernand in command of the Cairo troops, and Col. Dougherty of the Bird's Point troops.

They were encountered by the rebels, 7,000 strong, and fought every inch of their way to the enemy's camp, making havoc in the enemy's ranks. Col. Buford was the first to plant the stars and stripes in the enemy's camp. Col. Dougherty's regiment captured the rebel battery of twelve pieces, two of which were brought away. Col. Foulke's men suffered greatly, as they were in front of the batteries before they were taken.

THE REBELS REINFORCED—RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT.—Cairo, Nov. 7.—After taking possession of the rebel camp it was discovered that the rebels were crossing over from Kentucky, for the purpose of attacking us in the rear. The order was given to return to the boats, when our men were attacked by the reinforcement of several thousand rebels from Columbus.

Another severe engagement took place, in which our troops suffered seriously. The losses, as far as ascertained up to a late hour last night, were as follows:—Thirtieth Illinois regiment, Col. Foulke, 160 missing and Major McClerken wounded and taken prisoner.

Colonel Buford's regiment returned too late for us to obtain any particulars of its loss. Col. Dougherty, of the 22nd Illinois regiment, is reported to have been taken prisoner. Col. Lamon, of the 31st Illinois, is reported to be dangerously wounded. Taylor's battery lost one gun. We have 250 prisoners, a number of whom are wounded. The rebels had 300 killed. The ground was completely strewn with their dead bodies. The rebel Colonel, Wright, of the 13th Tennessee regiment, was killed. Gen. Cheatham commanded the rebels; Gen. Polk being at Columbus. It is stated that Gen. Johnson, of the rebels, was wounded.

The gunboats rendered efficient service in covering our retreat, mowing down the rebels with grape. Some of our own men were killed by the fire. A flag of truce left Cairo this morning for Columbus, with from forty to fifty wounded rebels.

STORY ABOUT A PHILADELPHIAN.

The second volume of the Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., has been recently published in London.—Here is a story of what befel him at Goojrat, in India:

"He arrived there late at night, and was brought to the palace of the Governor, who had expected him; when, to his great surprise, he heard some one singing Yankee Doodle, with all the American snuffle. It was his Excellency the Governor himself. He was a fine, tall gentleman, dressed in European clothing, and with an Indian hookah in his mouth. Wolff asked him how he came to know Yankee Doodle? He answered, in nasal tones, I am a free citizen of the United States of North America, from the State of Pennsylvania, city of Philadelphia. I am the son of a Quaker. My name is Josiah Harlan."

Mr. Wolff gives Harlan's story as follows:

"He had, in his early life, studied surgery, but he went out as supercargo in a ship to Canton, in China. And then he returned again to America, where he had intended to marry a lady, to whom he was engaged; but she had played him false. He then went to India, and came to Calcutta, whence Lord Amherst, at that time Governor-General of India, sent him as assistant surgeon with the British army to the Burmese Empire. Afterwards he quitted the British army, and tried to make himself king of Affghanistan; but, although he actually took a fortress, he was defeated at last by a force sent against him by Rundjud Singh, who made him a prisoner. Rundjud Singh, seeing his talents, said to him, I will make you Governor of Goojrat, and give you 3,000 rupees a month (equal to £300). If you behave well, I will increase your salary; if not, I will cut off your nose. So Wolff found him, and his nose being entire, was evidence that he had behaved well."

[The Col. Harlan, alluded to above, is now colonel of a regiment of Penna. Cavalry.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

☞ A letter from Italy says that Victor Emmanuel is a good monarch, but an extremely "fast" one. He loves both women and wine rather too promiscuously.

☞ One of our exchanges reports that a man down in Maine thinks so much of Jeff. Davis that he has named his dog in his honor. Hard on the dog, that!

☞ A company of rebels from Tennessee, who have entered Kentucky, call themselves "Bull Pups." The Kentuckians should see to it that they are not tarriers. So says Shillaber, and he ought to know.

☞ Young Green, when studying anatomy, was told that the upper bone of the arm is called the humerus. "Oh!" said Green, "that is what they call the funny bone, isn't it?"

☞ Hackluyt's Voyages, printed in 1599, contain the first instance of the semicolon as a punctuation mark.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE FLEET—WRECK OF THE STEAMER UNION AND ANOTHER TRANSPORT—THE MEN CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 7.—The steamer Spaulding left for Hatteras Inlet last evening, with a cargo of commissary's stores. It is probable that some of the troops will return in her. It is understood at Old Point that Hatteras Inlet is a place of too much importance to abandon. Should the Twentieth Indiana regiment return, its place will be immediately supplied by a larger force.

By a flag of truce just from Norfolk, we have news of the fleet, but it is remarkably meagre. The only person who came down was bound by parole to reveal no particulars.

The steamer Union, with a cargo of horses and stores, and another transport, whose name is not given, were lost during the gale—one at Kill Devil Shoal, and the other on Rogue's Beach, on the coast of North Carolina. The crew of both vessels, 73 in number, are now prisoners at Raleigh, North Carolina.

It is not known whether any were lost, but 15 horses were saved.

The executive officer of the Minnesota states, upon information received by the Flag, that the fleet was bombarding Port Royal, and meeting with a warm reception, the rebels having for some time been preparing for them. The above reached Norfolk by telegraph to-day.

ADDITIONAL FROM THE FLEET—THE TROOPS LANDED AT BEAUFORT, S. C.—THREE FEDERAL TRANSPORTS REPORTED WRECKED.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 8.—The following statements are made by passengers from Old Point. They say that the troops had landed at Beaufort, South Carolina, when the bombardment commenced by the fleet.

The report also states that one of the war vessels was disabled by the rebel fire.

What success attended the attack is not stated.

One report says that three of the Federal transports were wrecked.

Com. Tatnall is said to be in command of the rebel forces.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 8.—Evening.—The gentleman who came to Old Point from Norfolk under the flag of truce, says that he brought all that is known with regard to the fleet, and that the stories afloat attributed to him are false.

All he knows is that a dispatch had been received from Norfolk stating that one of our vessels was disabled by the batteries, and another was aground near Port Royal. Two vessels were also stated to have been wrecked on the North Carolina coast, one the Union, the other unknown. 73 prisoners were taken to Raleigh, and 15 horses were saved from the Union. He begs that the press generally will not make him responsible for any statements beyond this.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 2½ P. M.—A special dispatch from Fortress Monroe to the Times, says our fleet is bombarding Port Royal, which is said to be in a critical condition and just ready to surrender.

The rebel commander had a small steamer under his control, and threatened to go out and seize one of the vessels of the fleet which had been driven on a lee-shore, with troops aboard.

This news comes through a secession source, and is claimed to be derived from one of Gen. Huger's aids.

A special dispatch to the Tribune says one of our gunboats was disabled by the rebel guns, and another run aground, and Capt. Tatnall was about to take her. It was reported at first that the Great Republic was lost, but it was incorrect.

FREDERICA BREMER

FINDS A "PERFECT MARRIED COUPLE."

After passing a few days at the home of Count de Gasparin, Frederica Bremer made the following record in her journal:—

"I was rather curious to become acquainted with the Count de Gasparin, the man who has made Madame de Gasparin such an enthusiast for marriage.

"For such she is. She maintains that all women ought to be married, and asserts that statistics are wrong when they show that there are more women than men in the world. In the meantime, *la couple parfaite*, as the married pair de Gasparin are called, is always a beautiful sign on the earth.

* * * * *

"The Countess de Gasparin, known as a clever authoress, and especially for her work on Marriage, paid me a visit the day after my arrival. She is an agreeable blond, still young, with refined features—a loveable person, with French ease of demeanor and facility of expression, very loquacious and somewhat decided in manner. We were soon disputing on more subjects than people can discuss in many conversations. But it mattered not. One may like, and even become attached to, those with whom one cannot agree. I like the Countess de Gasparin for her candor and amiability, and accepted with sincere pleasure an invitation to her country home near Geneva.

"With the perfect married couple, husband and wife Gasparin, I have become earnestly well acquainted. They invited me to dinner parties and soirees. I begged them to afford me 'hospitality of the soul,' which it is not in the power of all to give, but which was no wise difficult to them—if they would. They most kindly understood my desires, and permitted me enjoyment of quiet hours in their domestic circle—quiet, earnest conversation. We did not agree—it was impossible that we should—upon many topics; but I learned from them the better to understand how much good there may be in the view which attaches itself to the Divine inspiration of the letter of the Scriptures.

"The Count de Gasparin is a nobleman—a gentleman, in the last and fullest meaning of the word. In conversation and discussion he is infinitely agreeable. Both husband and wife labor for the good of the people, partly as writers, partly as helpers and counsellors in their temporal needs, especially on their own estate—for they are wealthy, and employ their wealth in a noble manner. Would that there were many who resembled them!"

☞ He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

☞ A wise book is a true friend; its author, a public benefactor.

☞ There is no cannon that can strike more fatally than outraged public sentiment.

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM THE FLEET.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA—OUR FLAG FLYING OVER THE COURT HOUSE.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 10.—The steamer from Old Point has arrived. The passengers report that a flag of truce had arrived from Norfolk, and brought no news from the expedition, but that the wheelsman of the rebel steamer stated to one of the hands of the Federal steamer, that Beaufort had been taken by the United States troops, and that our flag was waving over the Court House.

Passengers by the boat also report that the Richmond Enquirer, of Friday, contains a dispatch from Charleston, dated Wednesday, simply stating that the Union troops had landed at two points and were marching inland. The dispatch did not say what points.

The officers of the rebel flag of truce refuse to give any information whatever.

STILL LATER.

BEAUFORT PROBABLY CAPTURED—AND THE RAILROAD SEIZED.

News from Hatteras says that a deserter from the enemy stated that news had been received on the mainland of the capture of the two rebel forts at Port Royal, and the landing of a large Federal force.

Beaufort had also been taken by our troops. No particulars had arrived, but the main facts correspond with the news received a few hours since from Norfolk by a flag of truce.

Great excitement prevailed on the arrival of the news at Norfolk. From the same source we have a rumor that the railroad above Beaufort (the line connecting Savannah and Charleston) had fallen into the possession of our troops, with an immense quantity of stores.

Five deserters who reached Newport News this morning, state that the rebels up the James river are in consternation, and also bring the improbable rumor that our troops had advanced up the railroad as far as Charleston.

The French frigate Calabria was burnt to the water's edge on Friday last off Hatteras—all hands saved.

FROM MISSOURI.

THE FIGHT AT BELMONT.—St. Louis, Nov. 9—Gen. Grant telegraphs from Cairo to the head-quarters here that our victory at Belmont was complete. We captured one hundred and thirty prisoners and all the rebel artillery, but were obliged to leave part of the guns behind for the want of horses to haul them away.

Some of the prisoners report that a large force was preparing to start to reinforce Gen. Price, but this attack will no doubt prevent it.

Our loss is about two hundred and fifty, and of this number about one half were killed or mortally wounded.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The War Department has received an official telegram concerning the battle at Belmont, Missouri, which generally confirms the newspaper statements. It says that Capt. Bieloski, of Gen. McClernand's staff, was killed. The Union loss is stated at 300, that of the enemy being much heavier.

Belmont has been abandoned by the rebels. They have 150 prisoners, and acknowledge 850 killed, but would not permit the Federal officers, who went to Columbus with the flag of truce yesterday, to visit the place to which they conveyed their dead.

POSITION AND STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY.

Springfield, Nov. 9.—Major Clark Wright, who has just returned from an extensive scouting expedition, reports that the main body of the enemy are stationed on the north fork of Crane Creek, about forty miles south of here. He thinks this force is about 25,000 strong.

General McCulloch is on Flat Creek, with from 7,000 to 8,000 men, and there are numerous bands, ranging from 100 to 1,000, scattered about the country.

General Price's position on Crane Creek is favorable for defence, and he has planted batteries on the cliff overlooking the approaches to the place.

The Rolla correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says that an expedition went into Texas county to chastise the rebels, and returned with nine prisoners, 500 head of cattle and 90 horses and mules. Among the prisoners is Spencer Mitchell, McBride's Brigade Quartermaster.

Col. Gresnel had issued a proclamation to the people of Houston, assuring them of the protection of the government while they behaved themselves.

REPORTED FIGHT IN MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 9.—No reliable news has been received from Col. Oglesby's command, which started on an expedition against Jeff. Thompson's command, at Bloomfield. A report prevails, however, that he had encountered Jeff. Thompson's forces, killing three hundred, and losing fifty of his own command.

This expedition consisted of parts of four regiments, a company of cavalry, and a section of artillery, making a total of 2,400 men. They carried 15 days' rations, left Cairo in steamboats, and arrived at Commerce, Mo., 20 miles above Cairo, on the 4th.

THE BLOCKADE OF NEW ORLEANS—IMPORTANT CAPTURES—REBEL MUNITIONS OF WAR BROUGHT TO NEW ORLEANS—10,000 STAND OF ARMS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The steamship Nightingale, which arrived to-day from the Southwest Pass, has the cargoes of five schooners which were captured by the U. S. steamer South Carolina, off New Orleans, two of which comprise entire cargoes of munitions of war, including a large quantity of powder and 10,000 stand of arms.

THE gunboat Rescue went up the Rappahannock a day or two ago, and captured a large schooner. After taking out all the stores, the schooner was set on fire and destroyed. The rebels on shore fired at the Rescue, but she returned the compliment, and the rebels left.

FROM GEN. ROSECRANS'S ARMY.—A dispatch from western Virginia, states that Gen. Rosecrans and his command are in fine condition, and prepared to receive the enemy from any quarter they may approach, and the commander is confident of success.

THE Maryland election, up to the last advices, was entirely for the Union, not a single secessionist being elected to the Legislature.

GEN. SCOTT left for Europe in the Arago, on Saturday at one o'clock.

THURLOW WEED and Archbishop Hughes have, as we are informed by the telegraph, gone to Europe to counteract the operations of the Southern Commissioners.—There is scarcely any doubt that they go at the request of the Secretary of State.

☞ The Beverly Citizen says there is a negro in that town who says: "Pooty good reason why I don't go to war; might shoot someo' my 'lations 'mong the southern slaveholders!" Rather suggestive as coming from a colored individual.

☞ A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

THE BLUE SKY.

Home of my God! I bless the loving hand
That drew thy arch, so fair, so high, so grand;
Up from my daily toil, my weary strife,
I gaze rebuked for all my narrow life,
Rebuked like Peter, as betrayed by me,
My injured Lord looks down reproachfully;
And just before, removed a little space,
My pitying Father hides His tender face.

Home of my God! I lift my fevered brow,
And almost feel the heavenly blessing now,
As when a child I lay amid the grass,
With eyes upraised to see the shadows pass,
And dreamed that where the sunlight glimmered
through,
'Twas God's eye watching all we think or do,
And so untutored in my childish way
Would shut my serious eyes and softly pray.

Home of my God! that blessed day is past;
My womanhood in other paths is cast;
Too often in the thorns and dust of sin,
Where good departs and evil enters in;
And yet I lift my eyes and dare to pray,
I dare to ask His blessing on my way,
For I was once untempted, undefiled,
And e'en though sinning, I am still His child.

Home of my God! blue arch divinely fair,
That spans alike our cursing or our prayer,
The whole earth drops away, I seem to stand
At thy pearl gates and in thy blessed land;
No cloud or mist obscures my vision now,
The thorny crown drops from my aching brow,
My waiting soul the promised peace receives,
And Jesus crowns my head with healing leaves.

My Father's house! oh, come that blessed day,
When from my soul the flesh shall drop away!
And I shall rest safe from all storms or calms
In the dear shelter of my Father's arms.
Roll back, blue sky! open your door of light,
Another angel comes in robes of white!
Break, yoke of sin! ye heavy burdens fall!
My soul leaps up to meet the homeward call.

—Rhode Island Schoolmaster.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. The sentinels were doubled, and the strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight, Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this beat, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the men had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt. The dogs are all around us, and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men or brutes."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread, the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicion. He had stopped for a moment close by the side of the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild scream from the wood, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"*Parbleu!*" he muttered, after the night bird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing wrong in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object crossing the line toward the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing the musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move off again toward the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further and I fire! What, pardieu! Le Prince? Ho, ho; why, Prince?"

The animal turned, and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missing for about a week. He disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon grand Prince," Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word; "the men will be happy to see you; where have you been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon ami, you must just keep sitting there until the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started on his beat again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving towards the camp again.

"Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! stop! or I'll shoot! Diable, the colonel, was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down, I say!"

With this the dog lay flat on his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable!" the honest fellow muttered, "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here. Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't!"

With a few bounds the soldier had got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"Mon cher ami, you must stay with me! Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince will be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction this time, starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! Pardieu, don't you run off again."

But the animal took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! Back! Here!"

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the outlines now, and fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn, for the guard were approaching.

"*Qui est la?*—Who goes there?" he cried.

"Relief guard," was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh? Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled the lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade, he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried, "what legs for a dog, eh!"

And no wonder he did so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus man. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"Diable! here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and lifting the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one could make anything out. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher which had been taken from the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and delivered him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the wilfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor said to him, as he bestowed the boon—"If you only make as faithful an officer as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."

BURNING OF A REBEL SCHOONER.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Lieut. Harrell, of the steamer Union, was born in Virginia, and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, as a citizen of Tennessee, in 1834. His commission dates from May 17th, 1847. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was adopted by a relative, who, having some political influence, recommended him to select the Navy as a profession. Lieut. Harrell was tempted some months ago with a very flattering offer from the rebel authorities, but "he remembered his oath and he loved his flag." The engraving, from one in Frank Leslie's paper, sketched by a brother officer, illustrates a recent bold expedition. He says, in his official report, dated Oct. 11th:—

"Being informed of a large schooner lying in Quantico or Dumfries Creek, and knowing, also, that a large number of troops were collected at that point, with the view of crossing the Potomac River, as was reported to me, I conceived it to be my duty to destroy her. With this object in view, I took two launches and my boat and pulled in for the vessel, at half-past two o'clock this morning. One of the launches was commanded by midshipman W. F. Stewart, accompanied by the master, Edward L. Haynes, of the Rescue, and the other by acting master Amos Foster, of the Resolute. I also took with me the pilot of the vessel, Lewis Penn. Some little difficulty was experienced in finding the entrance to the creek, which you will remember is very narrow. But having found it, we pulled up this crooked channel within pistol shot of either shore, until we discovered the schooner. She was close to the shore in charge of a sentry, who fled at our approach and alarmed the camp. She had a new suit of sails and all the furniture complete in the cabin, which was collected together, and fired, producing a beautiful conflagration, but unfortunately revealing our position to the enemy, who commenced a rapid fire from both banks of that narrow and tortuous stream, intermingled with opprobrious epithets, until we were beyond their range.

"Our crews returned a random fire from the boats and two launches, gave three cheers, and pulled for their vessels, the light from the burning schooner guiding them on their way. Her destruction was complete, and although the clothes of the men and the boat were perforated with balls not a man was killed. Officers and men vied with each other in the performance of their duty. Acting-Master Foster applied the match in the cabin of the doomed vessel."

Dumfries or Quantico Creek, for it is known by both these names, is about 22 miles below Alexandria, being situated between Occoquan River and Aquia Creek.

THE ARMY OF THE KNITTERS.

Far away in your camps by the storied Potomac,
Where your lances are lifted for Liberty's weal,
As the North wind comes down from the hills of
the homeland,
Say, catch ye the clash of *our* echoing steel?

Our hands are untrained to the touch of the rifle,
They shrink from the blade that grows red in
the fight;
But their womanly weapons leap keen from their
sheathing,
And the work that they find they will do with
their might.

Your host that stands marshalled in solemn battalions,
Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the
stars,
Hath as loyal a counterpart here at our hearthstones,
As ever went forth to the brunt of the wars!

Uplift in your strength the bright swords of your
fathers!
Repeat for yourselves the brave work they have
done!
We've the *side-arms* our mothers wore proudly
before us,
And the heart of the field and fireside is one!

We rouse to the rescue! We've mustered in
thousands!
We may not march on in the face of the foe;
Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the
battle,
Foot to foot we'll keep pace wheresoever ye
go!

Ay, soul unto soul, are we knitted together!
By link upon link, in one purpose we're
bound!
God mete us the meed of our common endeavor,
And our differing deeds with one blessing be
crowned!

—Boston Transcript.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF COUNT CAVOUR.—A biographical account of Cavour says:—"His appearance was neither captivating nor imposing. 'With regard to Cavour's outward form and person, any photograph will give the reader a clear perception of it, and what no photograph can give—the look of power, the half-mild, half-skeptic smile, and the keenness of these worn, overworked eyes—I despair of giving alone. * * The squat—and I know no better term—pot-bellied form; the small stumpy legs; the short, round arms, with the hands stuck constantly in the trowsers' pockets; the thick neck, in which you could see the veins swelling; the scant, thin hair; the blurred, blotched face; and the sharp gray eyes, covered by the goggle spectacles—these things must be known to all who have examined the likeness of Italy's greatest statesman.' When Cavour was at Plombieres, and the terms of the alliance were under discussion, the Emperor Napoleon turned to him one day and said: 'Do you know, there are but three *men* in all Europe: one is myself, the second is you, and the third is one whose name I will not mention.'"

☞ All our Arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage; in their deadliest perils they always kept cool.

PAYING A PHYSICIAN IN GERMANY.

It is a reasonable thing when one is ill, to have a physician; and particularly in a foreign country, it seems only wise to have the best, even where all are men of learning, as they undoubtedly are here. The most famous physician of Stuttgart is, of course, the court physician, and we asked our first German visitor for information in regard to him. "The court doctor, Dr. Von Ludwig, why, he is very rich!"

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no, very skillful, and scientific. He dines at the Marquerdt, the first hotel in the place; has a table to himself, of course, and when he is done eating he puts in his pocket whatever he has left, that his dog would like, beef, veal, or anything of the kind!"

"The dirty man!"

"Yes, he is very dirty. He looks quite greasy, and sometimes even ragged. He is entirely without ceremony. One day, not long ago, he met one of his patients, a lady, in the street, and she stopped him to tell him about an annoying toothache, which she thought proceeded from the generally disordered state of her health. 'Let me see your tooth,' said the doctor. The lady opened her mouth. 'Now shut your eyes!' The lady shut her eyes, and the doctor decamped. It is not to be presumed that a court lady, or any lady, would stand long in the street with her mouth open and her eyes shut, and the lady soon discovered her ridiculous position, but she is said to have been considerably discomposed. Another lady, having sent for him to her room, put her hand on her side, and said, 'Doctor, I have such a pain whenever I put my hand here.' 'Then,' said the doctor, shortly, 'don't put your hand there any more. Adieu!' And while the surprised lady sat with her hand on her side, probably unconscious of whatever pain there might be at the moment under her fingers, the laconic physician departed."

"We don't want Dr. Ludwig, with his greasy pockets and eccentric ways. Who else is there?"

At last we fix upon a Dr. Reis, for two reasons: he is quick, and he gives little medicine. Dr. Reis forthwith makes his appearance. He has flaxen hair and black eyes, a heavy form and a lively countenance: a mixture, he seemed to be, of the slow Swabian and the sprightly Frank. He is a good-natured, talkative man, and we are sorry when his visits are at an end. Now hear our closing conversation:—

"Doctor, will you please tell me what I owe you?"

"Owe me! you don't owe me anything."

"For your visits, I mean, and prescriptions?"

"Oh, let that alone until next year."

"Then you will be obliged to send your bill to America."

"I make no bills. Physicians never keep accounts."

We remember now that the distinguished oculist in Berlin, Von Graefe, never made any charge, his services to the poor being gratis, and compensated by the free gifts of the rich. We remember, too, that Von Graefe is said to complain of the stinginess of Americans. But we make no allusion to Von Graefe. We simply ask—

"Is it not the custom in Germany to pay physicians?"

"It is not the custom to ask them for their bill, as if they were shoemakers. The physician's services are those of a friend, and he is treated accordingly."

Somewhat abashed, we lay down our purse; but unwilling to give up the matter, we remark—

"We pay doctors in our country. We don't ask them as soon as we recover, for their bills, it is true, but when they want money, or at regular periods, they send their bills to us."

"I assure you, German physicians keep no accounts. They receive an acknowledgement of their services, if it is sent them, but if it is not sent, they say nothing."

The doctor departs, and we ponder on the question, How much do we owe him? We ask a young German gentleman who calls.

"Oh, give him just what you choose!"

We ask our landlady.

"Act exactly according to your own pleasure; rather too much, however, than too little."

Don't we feel informed?

"Pray, tell us what is too much, and what too little."

"The law requires that for every visit of a physician, he shall receive no less than seventeen cents. This is the lowest amount that is ever paid, and this is very seldom enforced. I know families in comfortable circumstances, who never pay anything for medical services, which they frequently receive. The physician prefers being defrauded of his dues, to the obloquy a law process brings upon him. It is an inconvenient custom both for patient and doctor. The patient, no matter how ill, must keep an account of the number of visits, yet with the utmost desire to be just, feels embarrassed when the acknowledgement is made. Now," continued our landlady, "I have been ill, as you know, eight months, confined to my bed six months of the time, and my physician has shown every possible kindness and attention. I certainly am greatly indebted to him, but I do not know what to pay him."

We made no remark, but we could not avoid thinking: If you, German people, could just get the word comfort into your language, and the idea into your heads, you would know what to pay your doctors, and would rid yourselves of a thousand disagreeable things.

THE currency of the south is now Confederate treasury notes, redeemable at no particular time or place; State war bonds, based on whatever the governors can confiscate and steal; bank issues of non-specie-paying incorporations; village shinplasters, and "good for a drink" tickets of whiskey sellers.

NOT YET.

Not yet, not yet. Ah! let me gaze once more
Into those eyes, those earnest, truthful eyes!
A little while, and then my dream is o'er;
And I, a wanderer under alien skies,
Shall see thy face no more, nor hear thy low
replies.

See, in the west, the sun grows broad and red;
His golden glory rests upon thy brow,
And makes a halo round thy down-bent head,
And glimmers o'er thy soft dark locks that flow
In waves of light above, in waves of shade
below.

That setting sun will rise again in might,
Will dry the tears the sorrowing night hath
shed;
Will wake the world to gladness and to light.
What sun, the summer of the heart once fled,
Can brighten into spring its winter, cold and
dead?

The red light fades: go forth upon thy way
Thro' the dim eve, and leave me here alone;
A deeper night than follows after day
Will darken o'er my soul when thou art gone—
A night no wakening dawn will ever rise upon.

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF THE HOG.

It is common for farmers who reside in the thinly settled tracts of the United States, to suffer their hogs to run at large. These animals feed upon acorns, which are very abundant in our extensive forests, and in this situation they often become wild and ferocious. A gentleman, while travelling some years ago, through the wilds of Vermont, perceived at a little distance before him a herd of swine, and his attention was arrested by the agitation they exhibited. He quickly perceived a number of young pigs in the centre of the herd, and that the hogs were arranged about them in a conical form, having their heads all turned outwards. At the apex of this singular cone a huge boar had placed himself, who, from his size, seemed to be the master of the herd. The traveller now observed that a famished wolf was attempting, by various manœuvres, to seize on the pigs in the middle; but, wherever he made an attack, the huge boar at the apex of the cone presented himself—the hogs dexterously arranging themselves on each side of him, so as to preserve the position of defence just mentioned. The attention of the traveller was for a moment withdrawn, and upon turning to view the combatants, he was surprised to find the herd of swine dispersed, and the wolf no longer to be seen. On riding up to the spot, the wolf was discovered dead on the ground, a rent being made in his side more than a foot in length—the boar, no doubt, having seized a favorable opportunity, and with a sudden plunge dispatched his adversary with his formidable tusks. It is a little remarkable that the ancient Romans, among the various methods they devised for drawing up their armies in battle, had one exactly resembling the posture assumed by the swine above mentioned. The mode of attack was called *Cuneus*, or *Caput porcinum*. *Silliman's Journal.*

FAMOUS NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

The departure of our great naval expedition from Hampton Roads naturally attracts attention to the history of similar undertakings. It is among the greatest of the kind which the battle roll of nations contains an account of.

Though it will not compare with that against Sebastopol, which numbered some six hundred vessels and ninety thousand men, it figures respectably by the side of any other that can be named. The "Invincible Armada," dispatched under Philip II., of Spain, for the conquest of England, to be sure numbered one hundred and thirty-seven ships, but the largest of those vessels were mere cockboats compared with some of ours, and they all together embarked only twenty thousand soldiers and eleven thousand sailors. So the expedition of Charles V., to Tunis numbered five hundred Genoese and Spanish vessels, but carried only thirty thousand men. That of Peter the Great upon the Caspian Sea numbered two hundred and seventy ships, but only twenty thousand men. The expedition of Gustavus Adolphus to Germany numbered fifteen or eighteen thousand men; that of Jussuf against Candia thirty thousand; that of Kionperti against the same stronghold, fifty thousand; that of Charles XII., upon Denmark, fifty thousand. Hoche, in his attempted descent upon Ireland, counted twenty-five thousand. Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt consisted of twenty-five thousand men, with thirteen ships, seventeen frigates, and four hundred transports. Abercrombie's expedition to Egypt numbered twenty thousand men; Cathcart's to Copenhagen, twenty-five thousand, and to Spain thirty thousand. Bonaparte's contemplated expedition, in which preparations were made for throwing one hundred and fifty thousand disciplined veterans upon England, by means of three thousand pinnaces, protected by sixty ships of the line, is not entitled to be brought into comparison, inasmuch as it was never carried out. The English expedition against Washington numbered eight thousand, and against New Orleans fifteen thousand. The French expedition against Algiers thirty thousand. The United States expedition, under Gen. Scott, against Mexico, twelve thousand.

SMOOTH BORE MUSKETS.—Many army officers prefer a large proportion of regiments armed with smooth bores, in a general engagement. Each is loaded with a bullet and three buckshot, and they are far more effective than rifles for close fighting, besides bearing much longer use, without becoming fouled. All agree that the companies intended for skirmishing should be armed with the rifled-bore and minie bullet.

☞ "Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk, to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

CHEERFULNESS.

MARY MALONEY'S IDEA OF A LOVER

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh! I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh! what a hand ye be after joking! why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos. "May the angels make her a bed in Heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ah! you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, poor creature."

"You have to pay your sister's board?"

"Sure, the bit cratur, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her; I don't grudge the money what goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney?"

"Fashionable, is it? Oh! yes, I put a piece of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies. But then ye say true, I haven't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"

"Oh! be off wid ye!—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven, I ain't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't wan't it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover—why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing. And then if deep troubles come, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep me heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to ax me, but the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction was so droll. But she was evidently sincere, having the example of her sister's husband and her drunken brother.

AIR, SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive bookkeeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear-room where the books were kept opened in a back-yard, so surrounded by high walls, that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when accidentally a window-glass of the family-room was broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupeytren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone; the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and "all her complaints vanished."

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows spindly, pale, and scraggling, if no sunlight fall upon it. The greatest medical names in France, of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family-rooms or chambers or as libraries or "studies." Such apartments are only fit for "stowage," or purposes which never require persons to remain in them over a few minutes at a time. And every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family-room and the chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE medical examination of recruits for the army is performed with amazing rapidity by surgeons who understand the business, as follows:—"The recruit is denuded of all clothing but trowsers 'Now stand on tip-toe—raise both hands above your head, close together, palms outward—stretch to full height—now sink upon your haunches—keeping on tip-toe—now at a spring stretch at full length.' No man who is defective in point of muscle can go through these postures without showing his weakness. The doctor then traces gently the chest, and by a peculiar nicety of touch ascertains the presence or absence of any aneurisms of the large veins or arteries, and a thumper on either lung reveals the condition of these organs. In a half minute the question is settled, and the man is accepted or rejected."

THE COUNTERSIGN.

[The following beautiful lines were written by Frank G. Williams, a private in company G, of Stuart's Engineer Regiment, now at Camp Lesley, near Washington. In explanation of one of the verses of the poem, we may state that white rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post of a dark night, to mark his beat.]

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
  The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below,
  I hear the bearded whippowil;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
  My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
  And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
  Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
  The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
  I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
  To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
  Until my eyes familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
  And turn guerillas into stone:
And then amid the lonely gloom,
  Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
  And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" My challenge cry,
  It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
  "Advance, and give the countersign;"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
  The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms aport I charge my mate,
  Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
  I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
  When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
  Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
  I still may have the Countersign.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW IDOL.

It was the end of the year, and the Temples were occupying their house at Brighton.

"I confess that I don't mind making people wait for me, but I hate waiting for them," remarked Lilian.

"Mrs. Vernon always contrives to be late," rejoined Frank Scott.

"I'll be bound it's Margaret Vernon's anxiety about her hair! I say, Frank, can you guess why Mrs. Vernon was so anxious to be my chaperon this evening?" inquired Lilian, archly.

"No; why?" replied Scott, impervious to any joke on the subject.

"Because" (and Lilian smiled) "a certain young lady is in love with a certain young gentleman—but I won't reveal secrets."

Then ensued a long silence, and Lilian and Scott fell respectively into reveries in face of a most delightful fire.

Let the circumstances of the case be duly stated. It was a cold December evening, and furthermore it was after dinner.

Poets may talk as they will of purling brooks, but I contend that there is not a more loving friend to sleep than a delicious flickering flame which woos the eyelids to the eye with its golden glare, and sings softly in the ear with the music of its chimney dance. And thoses mosses by purling streams, granted that they are very soft—but, then, there is rheumatism, with beetles, and such like denizens, and that bronzy green. Let us at once discard such damp idealism—depend upon it that an arm-chair, stuffed by a master-hand, where the arms are just high enough for the elbow to support the head without straining, out-distances all poetic moss.

As I take it, the inevitable end of after-dinner castle-building in the living coal is sleep. Lilian leant forward, her head resting on her hand, for fear of injury to her dainty head-dress. Her thoughts wandered fantastically. "But he is handsome," she muttered to herself, glancing at Frank Scott, whose head was thrown back, resting on his bent arm, showing the fine profile of his face and a plumy whisker—light tan tint—the softness of floss silk—the crispness of bank notes. Alas, for the vanity of men! I'm half inclined to believe that Scott had thrown himself into a sort of artistic pose.

"No wonder girls fall in love with him," thought Lilian, "out of sheer admiration for his beauty, and envy me desperately."

Now the word beauty as applied to men always drove Lilian's thoughts to the wax busts in hair dressers' windows; the recumbent face of Scott seemed to grow before her eyes into wax, and a sort of dim, jumbling, incoherent inquiry arose as to the respective merits of men's faces, real or in wax, till the whole question was carried to dreamland for solution. Now, when the eyes of Lilian were fairly closed, the eyes of Scott opened wide. There was no doubt that it was going very ill with Scott: in a quiet state of mind sleep would have been inevitable. Poor foolish Scott! He would not have dared do it had Lilian been awake—he gazed upon her with eyes of tenderest admiration. Ah, me! there had hitherto been a perfect diamond-cut-diamond life between them, and he was afraid to relinquish his old manner all at once, but every cutting thing he said smote him to the quick.

Then, on lightest tip-toe, he crept to the end of the room, and drawing from its concealment a beautiful bouquet, stole back, and deftly placed it on Lilian's lap.

"I'm quite ready! Is Mrs. Vernon come?" exclaimed Lilian, starting.

"Somebody's been asleep," observed Scott.

"Nonsense! only thinking with my eyes shut," replied Lilian, indignantly.

"I'm sure you've had a very fatiguing day, riding up and down those downs—I don't wonder at your being tired."

Scott said this as tenderly as he dared.

"Don't be absurd, Frank; you know I hate anybody to say I'm tired. What a lovely bouquet! Why, Frank—"

"The gift of Somnus."

"You are a dear kind boy! But I can't take it to the ball."

"Oh, Lilian!"

"At any other time I should have been only too pleased—but—"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"I'm serious, Frank. Twice this very day I have been congratulated upon being engaged to you."

"That don't annoy me."

"Nor me either. People always will talk nonsense. My only objection is that I do believe you really are getting quite stupid about me."

Scott had never dreamt of a direct attack. The masked battery which he had so cautiously erected was destroyed.

"Now, Frank, I warn you, once for all, not to fall in love with me."

"Well really, Lilian," stammered Scott, intending to disclaim the charge.

"Oh! it's no use your denying it—you used to be always chaffing me, and now you're grown so dreadfully polite—that's a fatal sign."

"Come now, Lilian," said Scott, suddenly changing his tactics. "Why am I to be specially singled out?"

"Because, Frank, as I treat you like an old playmate and a cousin, the world may think that my conduct arises from a deeper feeling. The world may think what it likes in this respect, but if you happen to mistake my conduct, and thereupon make me an offer—which, by the way, I should refuse—you will stand aggrieved before the world, and I shall be accused, for the second time, of trifling with a man's affections."

"Oh, Lilian!" cried Scott, with fervor, "recall those words—give me hope—refuse me at some future time, but not now."

"From this evening," continued Lilian, "I shall change my conduct towards you—you must be no longer Cousin Frank."

"No, no, Lilian, don't do that, let us be on the old terms. There, I'll swear if I ever chanced to make you an offer—not a soul shall know it. You'll take my word for that, Lilian, won't you?"

"It's all very well, Frank, but I won't have you so much as think of falling in love with me. I'm wretchedly fickle, I know I am; I haven't one atom of steady feeling."

"Who says this?"

"Oh, everybody, Frank."

"Not I, for one."

"I'm a flirt and a jilt; that's what I was told," exclaimed Lilian, bitterly.

"By whom?"

"Never mind!—it was by one who knew me very well."

"But I would not have stood it, Lilian," exclaimed Scott, indignantly.

"What could I say, Frank? I knew it was true!" the tears stood in her eyes.

"It was too bad, Lilian, whoever the person was."

"It was very hard to bear,—I shall never forget it to my dying day—to be told it, too, as I was told it."

"Some friend of Mr. Newton's, I suppose?"

"It was a friend of Mr. Newton's," replied Lilian guardedly, "but a friend of mine also." She burst into tears. "I only wish dear Fred were at home again; he understands me, and puts me right, and forgives me when I'm wrong. I tell you, Frank, I often thank God he received that wound at Delhi which is to send him home to us safe from that horrid India. Everybody looks upon me as a flirt, but he won't."

Then Frank Scott saw the path which might lead to victory.

"I tell you, Lilian, I've stuck up for you, and I've had a right to speak, for I've known you so long; and though I'm not acquainted with the exact why and wherefore of the engagement with Mr. Newton being broken off—I've always said it, yes, and frequently too—that I knew you were not to blame. Why wasn't he to bear something?—why in common justice was the whole weight to fall upon you?"

"It was very good of you, Frank, but you never can convince the world. I know well enough," she continued, with bitterness, "that men talk to me for amusement, and dance with me because I dance well, but they only think of me as a flirt to while away the evening. But I accept that condition: I must have excitement—it's half my life—and it's the only sort of life I'm fit for. I learnt that long ago! But it's very hateful to think about."

"You don't do yourself justice, Lilian.—We'll forget all that question of my being in love. I say this honestly, that I believe, with all my soul, that you are good and true; and I'm certain there are many others of your friends who think so too, from what they know of your character."

"Good Cousin Frank!" and a smile lighted Lilian's countenance.

"That's right! let me be *Cousin* Frank again. And mind you, Lilian, I'll make it my business to fight out that absurd idea you've formed of your character. I declare I'm half provoked with you, and as for that unknown person, who on earth cares for such an opinion? Why, you are little more than a child now, Lilian—"

"Perhaps just in the eyes of the law," interrupted Lilian; "by-the-bye, that is your profession."

"And you've not outgrown that wild spirit of yours," continued Scott, "and become glum and stupid, and that's why some people find fault with you."

"You really are a splendid advocate, Frank; positively you ought to do something at the bar."

"Well, perhaps some day," he replied, in deepened voice, "when I have an object in life, I shall buckle to."

Mrs. Vernon's carriage was announced.

Lilian hesitated for a moment looking at the bouquet.

"Never mind it, Lilian," said Scott, affecting utter unconcern; "your mother will be very much pleased with it to grace the new vase."

"It's too good for that, Frank; rosebuds and violets in December! I shall take it to the ball."

And Frank Scott's heart beat violently.

* * * * *

One half page of moralizing—and but one half page—for love of the reader.

Self-love the theme. Behold this girl, Lilian Temple, at the ball, more beautiful, everybody declared, than they had seen her for months; and truly so, for the hard sarcastic smile which had marred her countenance had become a smile of happiness. "Youth is youth, pleased with the enjoyment of the hour," would be the ready answer of the elderly moralist planted as a "wall-flower" amid the purgatory of a ball-room, having sipped his wine with immense gusto an hour before.

Yet it was far beyond the elderly moralist, amid the gay strains of the music and the whirl of the dance, to fathom the secret of Lilian's happiness; flattery had caused it, and though she smiled while she listened to the words of Scott, none the less was she delighted, for those words had staunched the wounds which her self-love had sustained. She had dreampt of greatness, and work and endurance; she had thought it possible to follow in the footsteps of Charles Westby—to live or die with him. Granted such like dreams may be utterly delusive; there may be no power of character to realize them! but we awake to our sense of mediocrity with a shudder; and tenfold more was it chill and bitter to Lilian when the very man whose character had created the hope in her soul, proclaimed that her own character was nothing worth.

Lilian Temple despised herself; she was in the power of anybody who could raise her in her own estimation. Frank Scott was clever enough to see how he might win her; but he did not know what an immense influence his few words had already given him over her.

Yet everybody could discover the fact except Frank Scott. She let him choose what dances he would on her tablet, she was at her brightest when he was at her side, but with his preconceived notion he fancied that all this was the retraction of her words about ceasing to treat him as a cousin.

Let Frank Scott, however, lose no time in making use of the advantage he has gained. Lilian, rising from her self-abasement, is too grateful for his esteem to reflect much on his character; but when she does think upon it, it will fail to satisfy her ideal. Frank Scott possessed talent and certain hundreds per annum, with certain other hundreds in reversion, and therefore he had lived an idle life, and done nothing. Delay was fatal to his chance of success.

Frank Scott was in the grandest spirits. He met all the *badinage* about being engaged to Lilian with broad denial, but with inward elation at his promised victory; and he danced away gallantly; and he chatted to his partners with the fluency which belonged to him; and he danced, too, with Margaret Vernon; but that young lady found not one touch of sentiment in all he uttered.

Lilian was also attacked upon her assumed engagement with her cousin. The charge was by no means a novel one, and up to this particular evening she had been able to rebut it with excellent spirit, more particularly as it had often been made from obvious motives by the mothers of fair daughters who considered Frank Scott a very eligible *parti*—but now her replies were utterly lifeless, brief denials, while love stood written in her eyes. Then that bouquet was a source of embarrassment; it attracted notice by its beauty and rarity; it led to an irresistible inference which Lilian's most subtle logic was unable to confute. "No, my dear," replied one affectionate friend, epigrammatically, and with many smiles, "December roses don't bloom out of cousinly love."

In very fact, Frank Scott was Fortune's favorite this evening—all things were ordered in his interest. Who should appear at this ball, by strangest chance, but Westby, looking bored and bothered at the whole affair,—so Lilian read his countenance, but read it wrong.

Then her thoughts reverted to their last meeting and all its bitterness—those hard words which he had spoken—the contempt he had evinced for her conduct—"fickle, wavering conduct," in rejecting George Newton. She had listened and endured it all without reply, very submissive, despising herself:—yes, but it had caused her infinite pain, for after all it was her love for him which was the real cause of her error; but that was a fact which he could never know. Thus it was that the presence of Westby threw her feelings with still greater vehemence towards Frank Scott. Here was one at least who had upheld her character when she herself decried it—who had declared his faith in her goodness and her heart. Why, resting on this new strength, she need not shrink any longer from Charles Westby; she could meet his contempt without dismay, ay, and if so be, the contempt of the whole world.

She determined to go and speak to Westby on her cousin's arm. She told Scott that she wished to join her chaperon. He led her across the room. Her spirit rose into bold defiance. This was the man for whom she had been taunted at the time for giving up Newton: she had denied the accusation, and with truth, and now that denial would be a palpable lie in Westby's eyes. Let him think the worst of her. What matter? Frank Scott believed in her truth. They came upon Westby as if by accident.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Westby?" said Lilian. She gave him her hand, but at the very moment she involuntarily drew closer to Frank Scott.

Her hand in Westby's hand was cold and inanimate; and though her heart beat violently she was perfectly self-possessed: Westby, on the contrary, appeared nervous and disconcerted.

"Who would have dreamt of seeing you here to-night?" continued Lilian. "We could never get you to our balls."

"You know balls are not much in my way," rejoined Westby, speaking with hesitation. "It's a wonder I'm at Brighton at all, but the Marners would make me come to them for a few days."

At that moment a claimant appeared for Lilian's hand in the coming waltz, and carried her off.

* * * * *

"We are the only people dancing," observed Lilian to her partner.

"They'll begin again directly if we set them an example."

To the surprise of everybody the music suddenly stopped.

"What an absurdly short waltz!" exclaimed Lilian. "What can it mean? Why did they stop the dance, Frank?" she inquired of her cousin, who had that moment crossed the room to where she was standing.

Scott made no reply to the question.

"Mrs. Vernon," said he, "has sent me to fetch you away; she is tired and wishes to leave."

"Nonsense! At this time of night? What a shame!"

"Well, you must come and speak to her. This gentleman will, I am sure, excuse you."

Scott took Lilian on his arm.

"Frank, this is perfectly absurd in a chaperon. Chaperons ought to possess iron constitutions. Why, I've a dozen more dances on my list. They've begun my favorite galop. It's too bad! Mrs. Vernon may go if she likes, I shall crave protection of somebody else. Mrs. Cowper must pass our house. Why, this is the galop we were to dance together—I hate to miss a note of the music—you go and speak to Mrs. Vernon, and come back as quickly as possible."

They were then on the staircase, and Lilian turned to go back to the drawing-room.

Scott took her hand—

"The truth is, Lilian, they've sent for us to go home."

He spoke very gravely.

"Go home! Why?"

She looked anxiously in her cousin's face.

"Frank, is there any news from India?"

"A telegram has just arrived—it's in the evening papers—Westby heard of it where he was dining—he went immediately to your house, and they asked him to come and fetch us away."

"Something has happened to Fred!" she exclaimed, in sudden terror, clinging to her cousin's arm. "Why, he was to have left Calcutta for England a week ago!"

Westby was standing at the foot of the staircase, she saw there were tears in his eyes—tears in Westby's stern eyes!

The sound of the music and the tread of the dance were perfectly audible where they stood.

"You need not tell me," she said, calmly, "I know he is dead." Then with agonized revulsion, "Oh, that horrible music!" and she strove to close out the sound with her hands violently pressed to her ears.

In another moment the sound *had* ceased, her hands fell from her head—Scott supported her in his arms.

"For Heaven's sake, Westby," he whispered, "make them stop that infernal dance till we get out of the house."

* * * * *

Westby took a few turns up and down the solitary parade in face of the sea, a dirge sounded in the beating of the waves on the shingle—solemn music in unison with his thoughts. The ball-room had jarred him terribly, and to have to linger there in the midst of all the gaiety—but his heart had utterly failed him when he would have spoken to Lilian, and he was forced to confide the task to Scott. The telegram gave but scanty information about the death of Temple. "Captain Temple who had volunteered his services was mortally wounded—since dead." He had died nobly, that was clear—dying doubtless as he had lived, ever ready to face danger—true-hearted, and honest, and outspoken.

"Good God!" exclaimed Westby, "that this girl Lilian should be his sister!"

CHAPTER X.

OLD AND NEW.

It was a mighty help and staff of comfort to Lilian amid the sorrow for her brother's death, that declaration of faith in her character which Frank Scott had made. She was deeply, deeply grateful to him. On the word of another she was not as weak and mean and trivial as she had imagined, and she clung desperately to that assurance, for it seemed to give her the power of worthily mourning her brother's noble death. She had indeed fallen low, but it was within the capacity of her soul to be noble and true.—She was not forced to stand afar off and mourn for one whose nature was alien to hers, feeling that her miserable insignificance had naught in common with his nobleness. They were brother and sister, the same flesh and blood, yes, of like natures, though he had acted nobly, and she ignobly, in the fight of life.

But by God's help she could rise to him. She might dwell on all his nobleness with the exulting thought that she could make that nobleness her own.

Mind, I am giving a sister's estimate of Frederick Temple's character—he had acted nobly, as thousands act, but affection specialises where the world only generalises.

Balsam of comfort, prepared according to divers prescriptions, was offered to Lilian by zealous friends, but those words of Frank Scott, spoken for the furtherance of his own ends, were her only consolation.

* * * * *

Five months had elapsed since the intelligence of death had arrived, but there came a second season of mourning when the personal property, personal belongings of Frederick Temple, arrived in England.

These things were brought under the care of an old friend and comrade of Temple, Captain Milton, who had been present at his death.

The Temple family had the deepest interest in seeing Captain Milton, for although they had received several letters of condolence from friends in India, Captain Milton's letters had unfortunately failed to reach them, and he alone was capable of giving a minute account of all that had occurred at the last.

Captain Milton greatly regretted the loss of his letters: he had written also, he said, to Mr. Westby—had they heard whether Mr. Westby had received the letter?

"He would no doubt have told us had he heard from you," replied Lilian. "We have not seen him lately, but he is perfectly aware how very anxious we have been to receive accounts from you."

Captain Milton appeared particularly disappointed that Westby had not received his letter: he expressed himself to that effect, and frequently reverted to the subject.—Rather unnecessarily, indeed, as both Lilian and her mother thought, because, after all, the letter which they had lost was far more important.

Lilian hung with breathless interest on every word of Captain Milton's narrative; the whole sad scene arose before her eyes in vivid colors, created by her sympathetic heart: he spoke, indeed, with the utmost feeling, but with the plain, unaffected language of everyday life, carrying intense reality in every syllable.

There was a great contrast to be observed in the effect of the narrative on the two women who listened to it. Mrs. Temple strove against sorrow bursting into violent outward manifestation; with Lilian, though tears stood in her eyes, sorrow was half merged in a higher feeling—admiration.

It was in truth a very noble eulogy which Captain Temple pronounced on Frederick Temple. How his nature had been tested to the full by the difficulties and privations of the campaign, and how his generosity and self-denial had been eminent through all the trial.

"I have known many a man," said Captain Milton, "who was generous enough and openhanded when his generosity cost him no personal sacrifice; but your brother was always ready to share or give up any comforts which he might possess to others who oftentimes really wanted them in no greater degree than he did himself."

And as Lilian listened, strange new thoughts arose in her mind; the events of life wore a new aspect, her old estimate of human things looked poor and mean—nothing seemed worth caring for which had not some greatness for its object, some sacrifice needful for its attainment.

Then Captain Milton spoke of Frederick Temple's bravery; how he was ever ready to face danger calm and undaunted; how he strove against bodily weakness to hold his post. From the time he received the wound at Delhi he was changed, no longer his old spirits—only when he was at the head of his men did the brightness of his nature return. He had become very weak and had been ordered home by the doctors, but nothing could stop his joining that desperate expedition at the last as a volunteer.

It was the old story which Captain Milton told; a handful outmatched by hundreds, yet crowned with victory; the old story which we have heard many a time, thank God for it, who has given such a mighty power to our race.

* * * * *

"When the doctor told me that nothing could be done to save him, I couldn't help expressing a regret that he should have joined us in his weak state instead of going down to Calcutta as he had been ordered by the medical board, for no doubt his previous weakness was the great bar to his recovery—"

"No, no, old boy," he answered, raising his voice with effort. "I had my commands from head-quarters, and I was forced to obey. As I was lying ill before Delhi a crowd of new thoughts crept into my head—strange thoughts: it was a call from God, that's what it was. I was never much of a hand at praying, I was not told to do that,—I should have made a bad business of it. I was called to the work I was best fitted for. It was my sword God wanted, I was told that as plainly as I'm telling you. Didn't we want cavalry, and somebody to lead those fellows? Could we have spared a single man? I felt quite strong again as I rode along, something supported me all through the day; I know what that was. Nothing could harm me till the work was over. My work was done when we had taken those guns. I wasn't wanted after that."

* * * * *

Frederick Temple had directed that his sword should be given to Lilian.

"He told me to give it to you in your own hands," said Captain Milton, "and I promised him faithfully to do so."

Captain Milton unsheathed the sword, and, coming to where Lilian sat, placed the sword in her hands, hilt and blade.

She felt a cold tremor as she touched the steel, and a feeling of solemnity gathered round her,—a solemnity deep beyond all church experiences, though they were sitting in their well-ordered drawing-room, and the narrative to which they listened was couched in ordinary language, without the slightest affectation of Scriptural phraseology. Surrounded by all the asociations of pleasant worldly existence, and yet as Lilian pressed her lips to the steel, the old world seemed to sink from her gaze, and those ideas of duty and effort which had been little more than dreamy abstractions in the back-ground of her thoughts burst forward into solid existence.

It only needed some one, clothed with authority, to stand before her and pronounce that such an act was right to be done, and such a sacrifice endured, and she would have obeyed.

She felt armed for a great effort, but nothing was asked of her—every-day life, with its pleasantly-ordered arrangements, circled her existence; heroism in any shape seemed a useless element. The carriage would be waiting their pleasure, if they chose it, for a drive in the park, then home to dress for dinner. It appeared very incongruous that so much spiritual exultation should end so tamely. Nevertheless, if there was nothing absolutely to be done, Lilian could at least fashion out a future more worthy than the past; she would cast aside her old random fickle way; she would cease to act on mere impulse, accepting rather the guidance of reason and conscience.

In her own small humble way she might still be worthy of being *his* sister, though it might be she would never be called on to make the efforts he had made. She thought thus as she sat quietly in her own room, tracing the dints on the edge of the sword, and musing on the tale they told of danger, and bravery, and heroism.

But there was a duty to be performed. A letter had arrived that very morning, containing an offer from Frank Scott. By one fortunate chance he had won his way to her heart—he had raised her up when she was utterly cast down by the words of Westby, and her sense of their truth, and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings she had turned with gratitude towards him.

Not one word of love had escaped his lips from the period of their momentous conversation up to the present time, yet he had been staying in their house during the season of their deepest sorrow, associated with them in their grief, and showing the truest sympathy by quiet words and acts. She felt through all this that he was loving her. It was so natural, as he was living with them, that she should like to talk with him of the subject most at her heart, the recollections of her brother, and once or twice almost unconsciously she had declared how deep was the consolation she had derived from his words of assurance.

She appreciated too the delicacy with which he avoided all approach to the subject which was evidently dearest to him, and she could not help perceiving that a greater earnestness was developed in his character, and that he seemed to be taking a deeper interest in his profession, and other duties of life.

Frank Scott had left them for awhile to attend to some property belonging to him in the country, and he had chosen the opportunity to make his offer in writing. He was of course unaware that Captain Milton had arrived in England.

Lilian felt that the present was not a time to think of marrying, and being given in marriage—the solemnity that reigned at her heart must not be broken by any thought of her own happiness. After the lapse of a certain time it would be fitting to entertain the idea, but not now; she would not of course refuse her cousin, but pray him to postpone his offer. Certainly not refuse him, because she felt there was none other now, save her father and mother, who had dealt kindly with her faults, and who would appreciate the sincerity of her efforts to do better. So, on the morning succeeding Captain Milton's visit, Lilian laid Frank Scott's letter before her, and addressed herself to making a reply.

She began many a copy, and tore many a copy up, and finding it impossible to express what she really felt, she dashed off by happy impulse a few words:

DEAR FRANK,—I cannot answer your letter now—Captain Milton has just arrived with poor Fred's things—some other time. Your affectionate cousin, LILIAN TEMPLE.

The servant announced Mr. Westby.

"I will see him," said Lilian. She hid the letters within her desk. "No doubt," she thought, "he has called in consequence of hearing about Captain Milton."

That was the reason why Westby had come; indeed, he had seen Captain Milton, who had been good enough to call at his chambers.

"And he told you all the sad account?"

"Yes," replied Westby. She could perceive a great constraint in his manner, which she attributed to the doubt in his mind as to how she would receive him, for they had not met more than casually since the day he had spoken so severely; and even at those times he had shown a desire to avoid her. She resolved to assure him of her complete forgiveness.

"We expected you to call, Karlo Magno. I should like still to call you Karlo Magno, because it reminds me of that happy time we three spent in Switzerland—for we knew you would like to look at our treasures. Indeed, mamma and I said yesterday that we should wish you to have some slight remembrance, for you and he were such old friends, and we know how much he esteemed you. We have not quite settled what it will be; the interview with Captain Milton was almost too much for mamma; and she is very unwell and nervous to-day."

Lilian thought that this speech would have placed Westby at his ease, but on the contrary, he seemed to grow more embarrassed. She felt puzzled what to do. She opened a box containing several small articles which had belonged to her brother.

"It will be too painful for you," he murmured.

"Oh, no! I look at them very frequently. He bought that revolver just before he returned to India. Don't you recollect the dreadful bother there was to get it through the French custom-house? I should like it to be given to you; however, I must ask mamma first."

"Something far less valuable will do for me; but I must confess, I should greatly value some small remembrance."

"He left his sword to me, Karlo Magno. It is priceless in my estimation. I think, dear boy!" she spoke with tears in her eyes, "that there must have been some meaning in his gift: he must have felt I wanted endurance—constancy. I hope I am better than I was—but you were quite right in what you said to me at that time—I had trifled very wickedly with Mr. Newton. Every word you said was true, and *he* would have spoken just the same. You were quite justified in speaking as you did; indeed you were. I was very fickle,—a jilt and a flirt,—but I am changed now, Karlo Magno; I feel I am."

"Can you forgive me for what I said?"

"Nonsense about forgiveness! It is nothing to forgive!" she replied, and turning the conversation,—"I made him a present of that little prayer-book the day we parted at Berne. Do you remember my losing it among the firs, and the hunt you two had?"

"I quite recollect the circumstance," replied Westby; "but, Lilian, I have come here to-day to apologize for speaking as I did."

"No, no, I beg," interrupted Lilian.

"Yes, to apologize, if you will accept my apology?"

"I know I was quite in the wrong," protested Lilian.

"I must explain exactly what I mean. You were in error—if you will allow me to say so—in ever accepting George Newton, and so far there might be reason in what I said. But then, in my absurd indignation, I departed from facts, and hastily generalising on your character, I said you lacked true feeling and constancy, and such like qualities; that you were not worthy of being his sister. I fear I used words as strong as those. I have come to ask your forgiveness for all that, and frankly to confess that I was entirely mistaken."

"Karlo Magno!"

"I know, Lilian, my words must have had a sad sting from their great injustice; I shall never forgive myself for having said them. Judge not—judge not," he muttered, in self-reproach; "it was mighty easy to forget that precept."

For a time she was lost in amazement, but regaining her self possession—

"Oh, Karlo Magno, why do you tell me all this now?—he has been dead to us these six months! If you had told me this then, I should have had comfort; why now, more than then?"

Westby made no reply.

"Why now?" she urged passionately. "Comfort, no, no! I could not have believed you then. I should have felt that your words were no more than a desire for reconciliation, occasioned by his death; not the evidence of real belief. I can only see them in that light now."

"I assure you, on my honor, Lilian."

She did not heed his protestation.

"Now that you have recurred to the subject—I, on my part, would have passed it by; hidden it over—I will tell you how much I felt when I heard your words—yes, and thought them over—for it seemed to me, esteeming your character as I do, that they must represent the opinion of all those whose good opinion was worth preserving. I was utterly cast down. But all that is passed," she added, after a painful pause. "I know you spoke from a good motive—in that thought I forgive all the rest. Pray let us cease to talk of this painful subject. I am very happy to see you now."

"No, no, Lilian," he replied, hastily, "I must make you believe me." She almost turned from him, so distressed was she by his pertinacity in renewing the conversation. "When I spoke then, like a fool, I was ignorant of the truth—I know it now."

"Know what?" she asked, anxiously.

"I accused you of want of constancy—of fickleness—I, in my miserable blindness, not knowing that strongest constancy was at the very root of your rejection of George Newton. It might be for others to blame you—it was not for me. Lilian, you have forced me to speak plainly; because I do know the truth—every iota, I have come to ask your pardon."

She trembled as she heard him, and turned pale.

"Has he revenged himself on my being false to his word?" she murmured.

"Who?"

"Mr. Newton?"

"George Newton! The truth did not come from him."

"Impossible!"

"Was there not another who knew it?"

"But he is dead!"

"The truth was bequeathed to me, Lilian—a sacred trust confided to Captain Milton. Your brother bade him, at the very last, tell me everything—they had often talked in confidence on the subject—and place those letters of yours in my hands."

It was well nigh too much to hear. Lilian could not meet his gaze; she covered her face with her hands.

"He told Captain Milton," continued Westby, "that it was to have been the dearest pleasure of his life to bring about an understanding between us. But God had not so willed it, and with his dying breath he left it to Captain Milton to tell me the truth. Oh, Lilian! I was driven half mad when I read those letters in which you confess all to him. I will not talk to you now of love—my conduct has forfeited all that claim. I threw away the golden chance once; but when I think that my blind conduct has been the cause of all that was blameworthy in you, how I have accused you, and I was the wretched cause—"

He saw, notwithstanding the vehemence of his own feelings, how deeply she was moved.

"Well, perhaps I ought to have written and not come abruptly to you at this time, but I was desperate to repair the evil, and withdraw my wretched accusation."

There was no power in her tongue to speak; striving hard to listen, she was scarcely able to follow his vehement words.

"And yet, Lilian," he continued, "though my stupid blindness may justly have annihilated your love for me, I cannot leave till I declare how deeply I have loved you. You know what my lot in life has been. I spoke of it to you and your poor brother that time ago in Switzerland. I am not the same as those others who have been about your path. I have been forced through life to crush my wishes. Oh! it is a glorious joy to declare one's love when one possesses the worldly means of happiness; but I was sobered very early to the necessities of life; I knew the utter folly of indulging in a hopeless passion; yet I felt as deeply, Lilian—deeper, deeper!" he added, vehemently, "than those others, but I had to cast that feeling from my heart. You must not think that the strife and work of life had destroyed my heart. I was bewildered when I dwelt on it, the thought of one living in such a happy sphere caring for me and my affairs. Oh, Lilian! I could not have imagined the depth of your truth and constancy—I thought that the difference between us was far too great for your feeling to be more than that of the moment—yet I did dearly cling to the thought that you should for ever so short a time have cared for me. You say in that letter to your brother, that my words held you true to George Newton that evening at Mrs. Wilson's. No! no! you must not think that I am great and noble to be your example. The fact is, I say it to my shame, my feelings were so deeply moved at the sight of you, that, had you yourself not given me the example, I must have made an utter fool of myself—or worse, both knave and fool. I say there is no strength of purpose to admire in my character. I owe my escape from that temptation to the example of your constancy. You see how little right I had to speak of you as I did; it is for you to say that you despise me."

Surely it was all a dream. This was the man she had loved and feared and worshipped humbling himself before her. Her very faculties were half dulled in the greatness of her amazement.

But what were these words she heard? He did speak of love! He was praying her to give him hope. The promise of success in his profession was dawning on him—distant, but yet visible; that success which he had almost despaired of at Interlachen; that success which would be worthless if she denied her love; the possession of her love which would urge him onwards with glorious strength.

And had he not strongest advocacy in her brother's dying wish? Without that support he would not have ventured to speak to her of love; but, with that support, he had a right to pray her to give him once more the precious love he had so lightly thrown away.

It was all too much, too much for her to hear; she begged and prayed him with such strength as she possessed to leave her,—she dared not, could not answer him, but she could not refuse to see him again,—her lips were powerless.

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It was a long time before she could, in any degree, recover from her bewilderment. She arose from the chair on which she had been sitting, and walked almost mechanically to the desk. She folded up the short note she had written to Frank Scott, and then read over his letter to her. Impossible! was that the letter she had received only the previous day? Were those the words which had seemed very dear?

Ah me! she had risen in the morning so grand and resolute—so ready to face any difficulty—half disappointed even that there should be no difficulty to face—so strong in purpose, so superior to her former self—as she had grasped her brother's sword, the very chill of the steel had seemed an essence of strength.

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"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, in utter bitterness of heart, "hide it away from me! I dare not look upon it! He sent his sword to his sister! I am Lilian Temple; but I am not worthy to call myself his sister."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

GEN. THOMAS'S REPORT.—Gen. Thomas's Report to the Secretary of War has afforded the opportunity to those charged with defrauding the Government to deny in toto all such imputations. In addition to those already printed, the St. Louis papers publish the following card, promising more of the same sort:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 2, 1861.

To Brigadier General L. Thomas, Adjutant General United States Army:

SIR: I have just read your official Report on the condition of the Western Department, dated Oct. 21, 1861, directed to the Secretary of War, in which reference is made to myself as follows:

"Gen. Hunter stated to me that he had just received a written report from one of his colonels, informing him that but twenty out of a hundred of his guns would go off. These were the guns procured by Gen. Fremont in Europe. I will here state that Gen. Sherman, at Louisville, made to me a similar complaint of the great inferiority of these European arms. He had given the men orders to file down the nipples. In conversation with Col. Swords, Assistant Quartermaster-General at Louisville, just from California, he stated that Mr. Selover, who was in Europe with Gen. Fremont, wrote to some friend in San Francisco that his share of the profits of the purchase of these arms was $30,000."

If the above statement of yours is true, as coming from Col. Swords, then he (Col. S.) has been guilty of circulating a base and malignant falsehood. I have never made a dollar, directly or indirectly, out of any arms ordered or purchased by Gen. Fremont in Europe; nor have I ever written to any friend in California or elsewhere, that I had made, or expected to make, a dollar in any manner, shape or form, out of such purchase.

I am amazed, sir, that you should make to the Secretary of War, an official report based on vague information, and without positive evidence of the fact.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. A. SELOVER.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

BY A REFORMER.

Children, like other natural productions, are subject to natural laws. One of these laws is, that precocity of development betokens early decay. The tree of slow growth is the one that lasts for centuries. As a rule, vegetables which grow rapidly and come early to maturity, are of a soft fibre, and come soon to decay. Fast-growing animals are not the longest lived. A stimulated precocity, mental or physical, must be worse in its effects than one which is spontaneous. Every gardener knows that forcing plants makes a strong draft upon their vitality. Believe me, it is much worse to force the intellects of children.

A forced precocity, or stimulated growth and activity of the intellectual organs, extends to the senses and physical system. So we have our little girls, not only up in their "ologies," but heart-broken with violent passions, when they ought to be playing with dolls, or driving hoops. I am very sure that the best thing that could be done for the present and future rising generations, would be resolutely to put all our children on a short allowance of intellectual food and mental exercise, with a corresponding increase of the natural and physical. Sound minds and sound bodies are of slow growth. To have a sound mind, we must have a sound body to put it in. A good body is slowly built up of pure food, pure air, exercise, and plenty of rest and sleep. With these you may have good blood; and with good blood you may have good brains.

Don't be troubled, fond parents, if your children are dull and backward in their intellectual developments. The greatest men have been considered very dull and stupid in childhood. Many of the most successful men in science and literature have been slow boys, who have grown up with strong and vigorous constitutions, and have made no successful literary efforts until after they were thirty.

Education, my dear friends, is not a stuffing of the memory with facts, rammed into it by a patent sausage-machine. A mind so crammed is really in a very bad condition. You might as well cram the stomach with all kinds, and the greatest possible quantity of food, and expect good digestion. The memory so crammed is sure to break down afterwards, and lose its power. We have plenty of mental dyspepsia. If you want a healthy intellect, don't overlook it. Keep on the safe and prudent side. A few facts, well digested—that is, thoroughly understood and applied—are worth more than whole encyclopædias half understood.

A good, strong, healthy boy, or girl, of thirteen, is a wonderful treasure. I would like such a one to be able to read and spell well, to write a good hand, to have a tolerable knowledge of figures, to know something of geography and history. The natural sciences may be easily acquired, if there be the taste for them: if not, there is no use in forcing the inclinations. In the five years from thirteen to eighteen, there is time for acquiring languages, mathematics, &c. From eighteen to twenty-three may be given to professional or general studies. Here are ten years, from thirteen to twenty-three, which are ample time for a pretty thorough education, leaving our beautiful childhood to its never-returning pleasures, and the healthy growth which Nature requires.

And so my advice to all fathers and mothers is, give your children plenty of sleep, air, light, and play, until they have passed the age of childhood. Let them be children. Don't make men and women of them before they get into their teens. Don't cram them with Latin and Greek, at the expense of pale cheeks, crooked spines, and the hectic of consumption. Your son or daughter may be very happy without Greek or algebra;—can he or she be happy without health?

Even if a child is born with great gifts, and displays an eager desire for knowledge, and that precocity of intellect which is so gratifying to a parent's vanity, my most earnest advice would be, to hold back rather than urge forward. Treat the mind as you would the stomach. You must put a too vigorous appetite upon a moderate allowance. You must check the too free horse, who would wear himself out with his exertions. The best way to ensure the future welfare of such a child is, to make its health and physical development the first consideration, and to discourage and repress all intellectual effort inconsistent with that end.

☞ Times being hard, and a cold winter at hand, many really clever persons are at their wits' end for some means of keeping the wolf from the door. Desperation has driven one of them to the dire extremity he so forcibly portrays in the following advertisement:—

"WANTED.—A situation as SON-IN-LAW, in some respectable family. No objection to going a short distance into the country. For reference and particulars, address FRANK STUART, Post Office, Williamsburgh, N. Y."

☞ Appointments once made become debts. I have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

☞ A shiftless, but romantic young fellow, borrowed five dollars from a lady, and of course forgot to pay it. After waiting several months, the lady dunned him for the money.

"Pardon my neglect," said he, "the fact is, you yourself are the cause of your not being paid."

"How so?" asked the lady.

"Because, when I see you, I forget all worldly matters—in short, I imagine myself in Heaven."

☞ During the examination of a school in Lowell a few days since, a young Hibernian was asked why it was so warm in the torrid zone, and very promptly replied:—"It was so hot."

THE LONDON TIMES AS A POLITICAL PROPHET.

When the Mexican war broke out, the London Times then, as now, saw nothing but disaster to the arms of the United States, and continued, in the face of facts, to predict from day to day that the army in Mexico was to be destroyed. Before the news of any battles in Mexico had reached England, it said:

"Defeat will probably be sustained by the American forces, worsted by troops whom they affect to despise, before the people of the United States have learned that bluster does not win battles, though it may begin brawls."

This was a good beginning in the way of prejudging the facts. After the first successes of the arms of the United States, it said, "*both parties will prize the first decent pretext for putting an end to this wicked and absurd quarrel.*" Some months later, when the evidences of our success were still more manifest, it uttered the following:

"We have all along foreseen that the conduct of this war would present almost insuperable military difficulties, and that the cry of marching to Mexico, investing the principal cities, and occupying the country was *the mere dream of an ignorant populace.* Without roads, without local supplies, with little water and a great deal of disease, *the march of an American army into the heart of Mexico would lead to its destruction.*"

The foresight evinced in the preceding paragraph is only equalled by the prediction three months later that the war would have to continue at an enormous cost, or the United States would have "*to confess their folly and their helplessness by a ridiculous retreat.*" Later it said, "*the Cabinet at Washington must be aware that they have no reasonable prospect of terminating this war by any action of extraordinary lustre.*" The Mexicans at a subsequent period had "no apprehensions that Vera Cruz would be taken." When Vera Cruz fell, the Times accounted for it by the supposition that "it evidently surrendered to mere intimidation or corruption, or possibly from the desire to save the city from total annihilation." Thus it continued to blunder on till the events of the war established the prestige of the army of the United States, and the Capital of Mexico surrendered. True to its character as a false prophet, it predicted then that "the Mexicans were further off from a dispostition to make peace than ever;" *though in four months' time peace was made and our army was on its way home again.* We cannot estimate from this, the value of its present predictions in regard to the rebellion. The same spirit of hostility to the United States animates it now as then.

THE DESTINATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

The New York World, of recent date, announces, "upon the best authority," that the naval expedition will land at some point between Bull's Bay and Tybee Light. The command of the expedition was probably invested with discretionary powers to enter any harbor he preferred between those points, but it is considered most likely that he chose the Port Royal entrance, and that our troops will disembark at or near Beaufort, and threaten at once Charleston and Savannah. The World says:—

Beaufort, which has the deepest and finest harbor on the southern coast, is a pleasant little village of about a thousand inhabitants, situated sixteen miles inland, and distant fifty miles from Charleston, and thirty-five from Savannah. The landing of a large force in its vicinity is a menace to both these cities, which will compel the rebels to keep a large stationary force for the defence of each, besides confronting us with another at Beaufort. They cannot send detachments from the latter to either of these important cities so quickly as we can despatch a large force from Beaufort by sea; nor can the troops at one of them be sent to the defence of the other, without leaving it exposed to attack by a new armament which may pounce on it from Fortress Monroe. The rebel troops at Charleston and Savannah must be sufficient, at each of these cities, to defend it from our whole southern force, which can be wielded against either at will, and which will require the rebels to stand ready with three times as many men to meet an attack as would be necessary if the point of landing had been less skillfully selected.

The country around Beaufort, for a great distance back, is as level as any of our western prairies, which will prevent the rebels, in the battles likely to occur, from fighting with the advantages of ground which have been of such service to them in Virginia. They can make no cunning retreats, drawing us on until a strong position makes it safe to hazard a battle. On those extensive flats every battalion of our men will be at least an even match for every battalion of theirs, and the Union army may count upon "an open field and fair fight," in which, hitherto, they have always been victorious.

The important relations of this war to the negro question and the cotton supply contribute also to make Beaufort the most eligible position in all the south for a base of operations. We strike into the heart of the region that produces the most valuable of all the varieties of the staple, known in the market as the Sea Island cotton. The district (or county) of Beaufort alone produced, in 1850, 12,672 bales, besides more rice than any other county in the southern states; the adjoining district of Colleton, on the northeast, 13,005 bales; and the other adjacent district of Barnwell, on the northwest, 10,138 bales. This is one of the most opulent regions in the whole south, the plantations being extensive and the slaves numerous in proportion to the white population. In Beaufort district there were, in 1850, 5,947 white inhabitants and 32,297 slaves; in Colleton, 7,403 whites and 31,771 slaves; a disproportion so great as to touch southern apprehensions in their tenderest point, and to bring the inhabitants, at once, face to face with the terrible consequences involved in a prompt final choice between a return to loyalty and persistence in rebellion.

MORE TROOPS GOING SOUTH.—The Baltimore News Sheet (a secession organ) contains the following:—

"ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 5.—Troops are concentrating here in order to sail south as soon as the steamers which composed the first Federal fleet shall return from South Carolina. There is already some eleven thousand troops congregated here. Their destination is said to be Charleston harbor, below the fortifications, whence they will march against that city. The government propeller Thos. Swann, from New York, is aground on Sandy Point."

☞ An advertiser in one of our exchanges offers for sale "*Ladies Vests and Pants.*" Good gracious! what next?

ANDREW JACKSON.

Have our readers ever seen the Address issued by General Jackson to the "free colored inhabitants of Louisiana," just before the famous battle of New Orleans? Here it is:—

ANDREW JACKSON'S
Proclamation to the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:

Through a mistaken policy you have been heretofore deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally round the standard of the eagle to defend all which is dear in existence.

Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in the cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier and the language of truth I address you.

To every noble-hearted, generous freeman of color volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty, in money and lands, now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz.: one hundred and twenty-four dollars in money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land.—The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier.

On enrolling yourselves in companies, the Major-General commanding will select officers for your government from your white fellow-citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, from being associated with white men in the same camps, be exposed to improper comparison or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrolment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of the Address.

HEADQUARTERS.
ANDREW JACKSON, Major-General
Commanding.

After the battle, Gen. Jackson issued another official paper, extolling the free colored men called into service by the above Proclamation, for their valiant and orderly conduct.

McCLELLAN AND BEAUREGARD.

Mr. Russell says, in a recent letter:—

To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. They are both squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thin-ribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to *embonpoint*, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McClellan's temperament requires a full share of rest; both are spare and Spartan in diet; studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine, and, if not melancholic, is of a grim gaiety; McClellan is genial even in his reserve. The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisianian Creole tint, while McClellan is fair-complexioned. Beauregard has a dark, dull, student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from its formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep, clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not hauteur, but a folding-armed, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, "Don't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements." McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafty, and astute; McClellan is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove he is a great general. The former only looks to military consequences, and disregards popular manifestations; the latter respects the opinions of the outer world, and sees political as well as military results in what he orders. They are both the creatures of accident so far as their present positions are concerned. It remains to be seen if either can control the current of events, and if in either the artilleryman or cavalry officer of the old United States army there is the stuff around which history is moulded, such as that of which the artilleryman of Brienne or the leader of the Ironsides was made.

WHY LEFT BARRELS EXPLODE.—In a journal entitled *Feuille de Tout le Monde*, an explanation is given of a fact which has puzzled sporting men, namely—why the left barrel of a gun bursts so much more frequently than the right? The explanation is this: The sportsman, on going out, loads both barrels, and, on seeing a bird rise, fires naturally the right one; he reloads that barrel, and, when he again sees a bird or hare, he fires it again; and so he does perhaps twenty times in succession. But each firing gives a shock to the charge in the left-hand barrel and at last the succession of shocks separates the wadding from the powder and shot; the consequence is that a vacuum ensues between them, and when the second barrel is fired it frequently bursts. To prevent this danger, the recommendation is made that whenever the right-hand barrel is loaded, the charge in the left-hand one should also be rammed down.

A PLAIN SPOKEN THEATRICAL MANAGER.—The Mark Lane Express makes the following statement:—"Sir," said the Secretary of the Hospital at Newcastle-upon-Tyne to the manager of the theatre—"Sir, I have to thank you for your very handsome donation, which, perhaps, you would like to appear in the papers?" "*Like* to appear!" answered the old Thespian, losing his temper in a moment, "*like* to, indeed! Why, what the deuce else do you think I gave you the money for?" We are afraid the theatrical manager is not singular in these days, when the love of notoriety is so common.

☞ Twenty-six thousand commissioned officers are required to command the Federal army now in the field.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The campaign in Western Virginia, after being supposed ended, has reopened by a sudden advance of the rebels against Gen. Rosecrans at Gauley Bridge. The rebels have been intimating that this position of their army was to be reinforced, and doubtless they find themselves now sufficiently strong to assume the offensive. The reports from that region several days ago represented that Floyd on Friday week had opened his batteries upon our troops in the vicinity of Gauley Bridge, and that they had been finally silenced by Rosecrans as soon as he could bring his batteries to bear. Gen. Benham's detachment soon joined Rosecrans, and the two drove off the rebels. Benham then crossed the river to take the rebels in the rear. At the point where these occurrences happened the Gauley and New rivers come together, forming the Great Kanawha. The country is very mountainous, the hills on all sides looming up fully 500 feet, and the water course almost entirely covering the valleys, so that there is not room in many places for even a wagon road. The Union forces are encamped where the bridge formerly stood, about 200 yards above the confluence of the rivers. Up till Tuesday, no definite result appears to have been obtained. The rebels had three batteries of two guns each commanding the wagon road which supplies Rosecrans. The latter had received a battery of ten Parrott ten-pounders, and at present seems to be acting entirely on the defensive, though Gen. Benham is reported to have crossed the river in pursuance of the original intention of taking the rebels in the rear.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has ruled dull, and only about 8000 bbls found buyers, mostly for shipment, at $5 for fine; $5,50@5,62½ for superfine, the latter for good straight brands, which are scarce; $5,75@5,87½ for extras, and $6 for family. The bulk of the sales are of extra and extra family, the latter of which is plenty and dull, the stock on sale being chiefly of that description. The sales to the trade have also been moderate within the above range of quotations for superfine and extras and from $6,25 to 7,50 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, with sales of 350 bbls at $3,87½@4,12½ ⅌ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is quiet, with a small sale of Penna Meal only to note at $2,80 ⅌ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $1,75@2 ⅌ 100 ℔s.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices, owing to the less favorable foreign news, fell off 2@3c ⅌ bus, with sales of 75,000 bus to note at from $1,25 to 1,33 for common to good and choice Western and Penna reds, mostly at $1,30; $1,35 for Southern do, and from $1,38 to 1,45 for white, as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is steady, with further sales of 8000 bus at 71@72c for Penna, and 66@67c for Southern. Corn has been in fair request, and about 30,000 bus yellow were disposed of at 60@61½c in store, and 62@63c afloat, including some small lots of new at 50c. Oats are steady, with sales of 40,000 bus at 39c for prime Delaware afloat, and 39@40c for Penna, the latter for prime lots. Barley is quiet, with further sales of New York at 72@73c, and Maryland at 55c. Of Beans, some small sales of white are reported at $1,50@1,75 ⅌ bus.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork moves off as wanted at about $15, and Mess Beef at $13@15 ⅌ bbl, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 7½@9c for plain and fancy Hams, 6½@7c for Sides, and 5½@6c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the stock is nearly exhausted, and the sales small at 5@5½c for Shoulders in salt; 1800 boxes Middles sold for future delivery on terms kept secret. Lard is moving off slowly at 9½@9¾c for tierces, cash and time, and 9¾c cash for kegs, and the receipts and sales light. Butter is dull, and packed neglected at 8c; roll sells at 11@12c, the latter for prime; 25,000 ℔s Grease brought 6¾c. Cheese is dull at 6½@7½c, the latter in a small way. Eggs are better, and in steady demand at 16c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced, and holders have put up their prices fully 1c ⅌ ℔, and about 200 bales have changed hands at 20@25c for low grade to middling and good middling quality, mostly cash.

ASHES are steady, with a small business to note in Pots and Pearls at quotations.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering, and further sales of 120 hhds first No 1 were made at $28@28½ ⅌ ton, mostly at the former rate. Tanners' Bark is unchanged, with limited receipts and sales.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good Yellow is worth 32@33c ⅌ ℔.

COAL—Prices are well maintained and firm, and the demand both for shipment and home use is fair for the season. The scarcity of vessels, however, has a tendency to check business.

COFFEE—The market is firm and nearly bare of stock, but buyers come forward slowly, and purchase only to supply their immediate wants. Sales of about 1000 bags Rio are reported, part to come from another market, at from 15c to 16½c for common to good and prime quality, mostly at 16c, on the usual credit.

COPPER—Sheathing moves off slowly at 24@25c ⅌ ℔. Yellow Metal continues in steady demand, and sells at 19c ⅌ ℔, on time, which is an advance.

FEATHERS are dull, good Western moving off in lots as wanted, at 38@40c ⅌ ℔.

FRUIT continues scarce and high, but the demand for both Apples and Peaches is limited, and prices about the same. Green Apples sell as wanted at from $2 to $3½, and Cranberries at $6@8 ⅌ bbl, as to quality.

HAY is inactive and good Timothy is selling at 65@75c the 100 ℔s as to lots.

HEMP is firm, and but little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, with limited sales of Eastern and Western at 18@23c ⅌ ℔.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is rather more active, and further sales of about 1500 tons Anthracite are reported, mostly No 1 and 2, at $18 for the former and $17 for the latter, cash; about 1000 tons also at $1 more, on time. Nothing new in Scotch Pig, and the sales limited. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull.

LEAD continues scarce and on the advance; 2500 pigs Galena sold in a neighboring market at 6½c ⅌ ℔ to come here.

LUMBER is more active, but the sales are mostly in a small way at $13@13½ for White Pine, $13 for Yellow Sap Boards, and $1,15@1,25 for Laths.

MOLASSES is quiet, but firm, with a small business doing in the way of sales.

PLASTER is arriving and selling slowly at $2,25 ⅌ ton for soft.

RICE continues dull. There is little or no stock in first hands, and the sales are limited at 7½@7¾c ⅌ ℔, mostly at the former rate.

SEEDS are quiet, and prime Cloverseed scarce, with further small receipts and sales mostly at $4,50 ⅌ bus. Timothy is dull, and quoted at $1,75@1,87½ ⅌ bus. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and sells freely at $1,80@1,85 ⅌ bus. Calcutta Linseed has further advanced at the East; 3000 bags sold here on terms we could not learn.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and holders of the former are firmer in their views. N E Rum sells as wanted at 31@32c. Whiskey is firmer with sales of bbls at 21@21½c; hhds at 21c, and drudge at 20@20½c.

SUGARS—The market closes with a better feeling, but the week's sales have been limited to a few small lots, mostly Cuba, at 8½@8¾c ⅌ ℔, on time.

TALLOW is scarce and wanted at an advance. City rendered is quoted at 9½@9¾c, and country at 8½@8¾c ⅌ ℔, without much doing in the way of sales.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in Leaf or Manufactured, the want of stock and the high views of holders limiting operations.

WOOL—The market for most kinds continues active at fully former rates, and large sales of both foreign and domestic are reported at from 20 to 43c for the former, and from 45 to 55@57c for the latter, mostly net cash, including some good tub Wool at the highest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2519 head. The prices realized were from 5 to 6½ cts ⅌ ℔. 100 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ⅌ head. 4500 Sheep were sold at from 6 to 7½c ⅌ ℔ net. 1500 Hogs sold at from $5,00 to 5¾ ⅌ cwt.

NEWS ITEMS.

Pulaski.—Rev. James F. Clarke, in his felicitous remarks at the funeral of Lieutenant Putnam, related the following incident of the gallant Pulaski:—"The Polish soldier was gently rebuked by Washington for rash exposure of his life. He replied, 'General, my father died, killed in battle, when he was 22; my grandfather died in battle, fighting for his country, when he was 23; General, I am 25, *and I am ashamed to be alive!*'"

Ohio.—The grain crop of Ohio is enormous. The State Journal publishes a table of statistics, from which we learn that the wheat crop, in eleven counties of Ohio, in 1860, amounted to 23,640,356 bushels, being an increase of more than 10,000,000 of bushels over the product of 1859. The total corn crop in the same counties is stated at 91,588,764 bushels in 1860, being an increase over the crop of the previous year of more than 22,000,000 of bushels.

Woolen Mittens.—An officer from West Point, who commands one of the finest regiments in the service, suggests that woolen mittens for the soldiers will be greatly needed when the cold weather begins. Will not all who can employ themselves in this way help to furnish 500,000 pairs? They should be knit with one finger, to allow a free use of the first finger and thumb. It is said there were more soldiers disabled in the Crimean war from frost-bitten fingers than from any other cause.

Kentucky.—From Kentucky we learn that General Zollickoffer has fallen back to Cumbeland gap, and sent to Knoxville for reinforcements.

The offer of General Stone to General Evans (rebel) for an exchange of prisoners was probably not done without the authority of the Government, but the result of the offer cannot be known until the decision of the rebel War Department upon the subject is received.

General McClellan has issued an order for the building of log huts. The encampments in the vicinity of Alexandria commenced putting them up this morning. Some of them are very tastefully designed.

The Government has agreed to arm, pay, clothe, transport, and subsist the Missouri volunteers for service in the state during the war.

The exemption of military men on duty from civil process, has been declared in a decision of Justice Sutherland, in the Supreme Court of New York. The counsel for several officers, charged with the assaulting a young man, formerly belonging to their regiment, moved their discharge on the ground that the Act of 1858, provides that persons belonging to military forces shall not, while on duty, be arrested on a civil process. The motion was granted and the prisoners discharged.

What Prince Napoleon Says.—The New York Evening Post states that it has seen a private letter from a gentleman who knows of what he writes, which says that "Prince Napoleon, since his return from America, makes no disguise in expressing, both in public and in private, *his decided conviction that the north is not only abundantly able to whip the slaveholders, but that it will do it, and it ought to do it, and the sooner the better*. From the general course of the press for the last fortnight it is easy to see that all France is reaching the same conclusion."

The Richmond papers say that General Evans fought at Leesburg contrary to orders, and is to be courtmartialled, and that the Federal loss at that fight was 2,000 (!) killed and wounded.

Beauregard's official report of the battle of Manassas says three hundred and ninety-nine rebels were killed, and twelve hundred wounded; that the Federal loss was four thousand five hundred, killed, wounded, and prisoners. He says his entire force was twenty-eight thousand (? 128,000,) of which one-fourth only were engaged.

Russell on Fremont's Not Being Accessible.—In a recent letter to the *London Times*, Mr. Russell says:—"As to inaccessibility, Lord help the man who refuses to see everybody who thinks he would like to see him out in this part of the world! Is not a general a public servant, the property of citizen A, who wants to see if the General's hair is gray, or only grizzled? Is he not the property of citizen B, who wants to get a contract for gunboats made of india-rubber, or of D, who has a letter to him, and wants a situation on the General's staff either as aide-de-camp or coachman? *Pro hac vice*, each citizen represents the whole republic, and is very angry if he cannot monopolize all the time of his servant. Perhaps Gen. Fremont finds he cannot do his work and attend to all comers on these terms."

The Naval Expedition.—The Washington Republican says:—We have good reasons for believing that the accounts in the New York papers greatly exaggerated the magnitude of the expedition which left Hampton Roads last week. The number of ships is not more than half of what has been represented, and we doubt if the number of soldiers taken on board exceeded fifteen thousand. If we are correct in this, no attack can be intended upon New Orleans or any other place capable of a strong resistance, but only such a lodgement upon some part of the southern coast as may be made the base of future operations.

A Large Contract.—Col. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, has a contract for making one million pairs of army shoes. Twenty-five cents a pair, we are told, says the Boston Post, by those who are familiar with the *modus operandi* of giving out contracts, is a small sum to make on a pair that sells for $2,25. This leaves the Colonel the snug little sum of $225,000. This contract belongs to the department of the Secretary of War at Washington. Fremont has nothing to do with it.

Two More Expeditions.—A correspondent of a Boston paper asserts—we know not on what evidence—that the "U. S. government are fitting out two more great expeditions against the shores and strongholds of the rebels. Both the ships and men are to be detached as soon as possible. One of these new expeditions is to be commanded by Gen. Butler, and the other by Gen. Burnside. They are destined to crush out treason wherever they strike. Their destination is a profound secret, though the preparations have been going on for some time past, and are now being more actively pressed forward than ever."

A letter from a member of the second Virginia regiment (which is really the first, the old first having been three month's men) says:—"From a sojourn here of over three months I have had a good chance to get acquainted. Three-fourths of the Second Virginia regiment (to which I am attached) is composed of Pennsylvanians. A great many of them belong to Pittsburg, and finding that they could not be accepted (at that time) under Gov. Curtin, their patriotism was so strong that they went to Wheeling and were musted in as a Virginia regiment."

Dr. Hitchcock, a divine of New York, was told by Com. Stringham, that he found coming to his fleet, in a boat, when near Hatteras, sixteen stalwart slaves. He concluded to see if they could fight, and were willing to do so, and said, "Boys, do you wish to be United States sailors?" "Yes, massa, that's just what we want." He then gave them uniforms, put them in charge of a gun, and said he never knew men to handle a gun so readily, or fight with such vigor.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Gen. Hunter.—Gen. Hunter, the reported successor of Gen. Fremont, is about sixty years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1822, the twenty-fifth in rank in a class numbering forty, and was appointed second lieutenant of infantry. Having risen to a first lieutenancy, he was, in 1836, made captain of cavalry, but shortly after resigned. In 1842 he rejoined the army as paymaster, in which position, with the rank of major, the present administration found him. He accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, on his tour to Washington, as far as Buffalo, where, owing to the pressure of the crowd, he suffered a dislocation of the collar bone. Shortly after he was made colonel of the Third Cavalry, and then brigadier-general. He commanded a leading division at the battle of Bull Run, but was wounded so early in the day that he reached Washington, travelling in an ambulance, almost as soon as Mr. Russell. He saw no service in the Mexican war, nor in any of our Indian wars.

From Hatteras.—From Hatteras inlet we learn that the storm there had been very severe. The recent high tides had completely overflown the space outside of the forts, and as a new channel is forming between the forts, it is apprehended that they may become untenable. Five rebel steamers came near the inlet recently, but retired after firing a couple of shots. Two coal schooners carrying fuel to the fleet made Hatteras inlet during the gale, and hoisted signals of distress, but could not be reached by the vessels inside.

President Lincoln Investing his Money.—On Thursday, President Lincoln invested $8,000 in the seven and three-tenths Treasury Notes. He paid the money in gold, which would seem to indicate that he has faith in the United States Government.

Gen. Scott's Pay.—Gen. Scott's monthly pay, subsistence and allowance, will continue to amount to $770, or an annual income of $9,240. He is allowed $270 per month, $360 for rations, $90 for servants, and $50 for horses.

The admirers of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will be glad to hear that she has left behind her a number of unpublished poems. They are being prepared for the press; and a volume of them will be, probably, published before Christmas.

☞ During the autumn gales the volume of nature is full of fly-leaves.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 2d instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of William D. Parrish, William Pearsall, to Hannah M. daughter of Wm. D. and Elizabeth W. Parrish, both of this city.

On Monday, the 4th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. Ahmat Stoddart, to Miss Mary C. youngest daughter of Geo. Helmick, Esq. both of this city.

On Monday evening, March 11th, 1861, by the Rev. Mr. Greenbank, Mr. Edwin F. Greenleaf, to Miss Anna M. Woodside, both of this city.

On Monday, Oct. 7th, by the Rev. W. Walton, Mr. Orlando P. Conner, to Miss Josephine Hopkins, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. S. Sentman, of Barren Hill, Mr. William Stephens, to Miss Louisa Darr, eldest daughter of John C. Darr, Esq. both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Johns, Mr. Robert Nichols, to Miss Sarah Hucthinson, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Lieut. William F. Trewin, to Miss Martha Bunting, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Lewistown, Pa. on the 2d instant, at the residence of his father, Judge Chas. Ritz, A. H. Ritz, M. D. late of this city, in his 29th year. An afflicted father, mother and sisters mourn his loss.

At his residence at Wakefield, near Germantown, on the 4th instant, Thomas Rodman Fisher, in his 58th year.

On the 3d instant, Bass Otis, in his 78th year.

On the evening of the 3d instant, at Hestonville, Henry Wynkoop, in his 54th year.

On the morning of the 4th instant, William Long, in his 53d year.

On Sunday morning, the 3d instant, after a protracted illness, Rebecca Owens, in her 85th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. Mary R. widow of the late Robt. Haig, aged 66 years.

On the morning of the 5th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Hardrine, in her 59th year.

On the evening of the 1st instant, Esther Hill, in her 76th year.

On the 2d instant, John C. Carpenter, aged 48 years.

On the morning of the 3d instant, Annie H. Walton, in her 21st year.

Nov. 1st, at La Grange, the residence of his son-in-law, George Connell, Horatia B. Pennock, aged 70 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS
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Philadelphia, November 9, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	18 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey par to	½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	5 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	18 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	1½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 2½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
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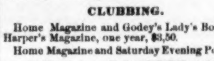

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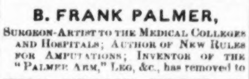

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Wit and Humor.

THE IMPERTURBABLE WITNESS.

A man by the name of Parker, had been sued upon an open account which he denied owing, and it rested upon the plaintiff, Glass, to prove the indebtedness.

"A queer sort of genius named Brimlon, who made a precarious living by hunting and doing odd jobs as occasion required, was subpœnaed by Glass as his witness.

"The proceedings of the Court were conducted, as might be supposed, in rather a familiar way; the judge, though a man of great natural firmness, was very little disposed to be very exacting in his demands upon the enforcement of mere forms, and so long as no legal principle was invaded and his dinner hour not interfered with by business, everthing was as cozy and comfortable as possible.

"After a day of more than usual excitement, when there had really been something before the Court which called forth legal acumen in the pleadings, having put the judge up to his metal; in other words, after a hard day's work had been performed, and judge, lawyers, attending jurymen, and witnesses had really become fatigued and hungry, as the judge was on the point of ordering an adjournment of the Court, the landlord of the tavern having openly announced in Court that a dinner of fat venison was on the table, at the particular moment Mr. Sharp, Glass's lawyer, rose and said:

"'May it please your Honor, my client, Mr. Glass, wishes to prove an account. The only witness in the case is present, if the Court please to hear the testimony, which will but consume a moment.'

"The judge, impatient as he was for the dinner, hesitated for a moment, and consented. The case was called, 'Glass *vs.* Parker;' the witness Brimlon was put on the stand, the lawyers and spectators stood around hats in hand; the judge in the act of leaving the Court had actually put on his hat, and removed it to hear the testimony which would only 'take a moment.'

"Brimlon, meantime, was duly sworn, and asked in a familiar way what he knew about the disputed account; but instead of promptly answering he stood still, looked severely and reprovingly at the spectators who were bustling about, and finally, by staring all present into silence, the judge absolutely settling back in his chair as if suddenly impressed with the idea that he, too, must be profoundly attentive. This having been accomplished, Brimlon commenced as follows:—

"'It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a lettle eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening—'

"When the witness had proceeded thus far, the counsel for the defence, much to the gratification of all present, pettishly exclaimed,

"'Mr. Brimlon, we do not wish to know anything about the "beautiful evening" or anything of the sort; please tell us what you know about this account'—at the same time rudely shoving Parker's bill into the witness's face. At this gross breach of decorum on the part of the lawyer Brimlon showed no resentment, but after remaining silent a minute or more, with increased impressiveness he began:—

"'It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a lettle eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—'

"By this time the symptoms of impatience on the part of the by-standers were openly expressed, and Glass's lawyer, no longer able to restrain himself at the prolixity of his own witness, jumped on his feet and begged the judge to order Brimlon to give a more direct answer to a simple question. The judge thereupon nodded his head to the imperturbable Brimlon, who, having stopped the moment he was interrupted until perfect silence was obtained, began:—

"'It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a lettle eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat, says I—'

"At this moment the landlord rushed into the court-room and announced that the venison was getting cold (it was a December day), and wanted to know 'if the Court wouldn't adjourn soon, if he hadn't better put the saddle down by the fire.' At this interruption Brimlon again stopped, rolled his large vacant eyes over on the landlord, and after the restoration of a fearful silence proceeded:—

"'It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a lettle eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat, says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbers, and, says I, Boss—'

"The pressure had now become fearful, and there was a spontaneous movement among the crowd, some members of it going so far as to cough and scrape their feet, when the judge, evidently desirous to facilitate proceedings, very courteously leaned forward and begged that the witness would be allowed to tell his story in his own way. Brimlon hereat quietly turned toward the bench, and clearing his voice said:—

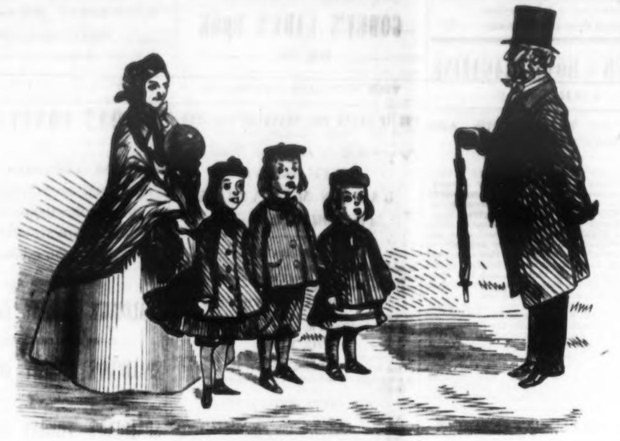
"'It was a beautiful evening—'

"At the repetition of this statement the judge fell back exhausted, and putting on a severe expression, delivered himself thus:—

"'Gentlemen, I beg that you will not interrupt the witness; I ask this as a personal favor. The witness will please go on.' At this hint Brimlon smiled benignly, as if he were conferring a great favor on the bench, the lawyers, and the spectators, and then with a voice sweeter and slower than ever, and amidst a stillness that was to the last degree painful, he proceeded:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a lettle eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbers, and says I, Boss, if we ain't a parcel of darned fools, then your tail's a yard long, if it ain't longer; whereat, I got out of the field in double quick time, and clomb over into the road, and met Parker (turning toward the defendant), who said to me, says he, 'What, Brimlon, you out hunting?' And I said, 'Not much'—so Parker and I walked up the road, and he said he jest seen Glass, who threatened to sue him for his bill of twenty dollars; that while he didn't deny owing the bill, he didn't like to be sued."

"The truth was out at last, and the painfully excited crowd fairly shouted with delight—the lawyers at the same time rubbed their hands, and the judge heaved a deep sigh, as if he were suddenly relieved of a fearful responsibility. In the general confusion that followed Brimlon was energetically invited down from the stand by a dozen voices; and to this day it is a marvel among all who heard his testimony how he necessarily connected the beautiful evening, the partridge hunt, and the fact that he heard Parker acknowledge that he owed Glass money on an open account."—*Harper's Magazine.*



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Adolphus, George and Louisa are out walking with the nurse. Meeting the family doctor unexpectedly, the children go through the expressive pantomime of putting out their tongues, as a matter of course.

Barnum's Last Story.—Barnum is always ready with a good story. His "latest" is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, Jr., who has been very active in fitting out regiments for the war. Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way, and taken so great an interest in military affairs, that he has had but little time to attend to anything else.

One day, a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman, with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church.

"A new church," replied Howe, "ah, a new church. I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can think of nothing else."

The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a "red." At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called.

"The Church of St. Peter, sir," was the reply.

"Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe. "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to *Salt-Petre.*"

A Good Packer.—The Washington correspondent of the Bridgeport Standard writes:—

Our hotels are full. An officer on asking for his bill a few days ago, found that a quart of wine was charged, when he had had but a pint. He took exceptions to the items. Landlord was incorrigible—said there never was any mistake about the wine bills. Officer paid it, went to his room to pack his carpet-bag. Having made purchases, his bag was too full to get in an extra pair of boots. Landlord was sent for—came. Says the officer, "I can't get these boots, sir, into this blamed bag." Landlord—"If you can't I am sure I can't." Officer—"Yes you can—for a man who can put a quart of wine into a pint bottle, can put these boots into that bag." Landlord cancelled the whole bill and returned the amount.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE RECOLLECTIONS.

How pretty and fresh our home was then, in the valley yonder! He was our neighbor's son, and honest, and industrious, and handsome. No one now-a-days is half so handsome. People may be offended with me if they like, but so it is; but he, I cannot name his name, though every one knows, all the same, that he was called Anton Striegler. He was resolved to go travel, and so he put off to foreign parts with foreign merchandise; and by the brookside he took leave of me, and said:—"Frances, so long as that brook runs, I will be faithful and true at heart to you, and be you the same to me.' He could say all these fine words, and write them down too; that is the way with these false men; I never could have believed it. In the course of four years I got seventeen letters from him—from France, England and Spain. The letter from England cost me, at the time, a crown dollar, for it came at the moment when Napoleon did not choose us to receive either foreign letters or coffee; so our pastor said the letter had come round from Constantinople and Austria, but at all events, it cost a whole crown dollar. For a long, long time after, I never got one. I waited fourteen years, then I heard he had married a black woman in Spain. I never wanted to hear any more of the bad man, and none could be worse. And then I took out of my drawer the fine letters, the fine lying letters that he had written to me, and I burned them all, my love going off with them in smoke up the chimney.—*German Pastorals.*

The Jug.—The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or decanter can be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has but a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it; no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and *vice versa.* Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes from it.

"PRESENTLY."

Never say you will do *presently* what your reason or conscience tells you should be done *now.* No man ever shaped his own destiny, or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in presentlies. Look at Nature; she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward; the shining worlds never put off their rising or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments, and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator.—Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, *can* postpone the performance of his duty—and he does so, frequently, to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by Indolence upon the Future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement presently, for dresently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, *presently* is TOO LATE.

☞ If "all the world's a stage," many a chap of our acquaintance would like mightily to be the stage-driver.

Agricultural.

WHEN TO CUT A PIG YOKE.

The Rochester Daily Union relates the following anecdote of one of the most successful business men of this state:—

"When young, he was a farmer, and at one time wished to hire a man for general farm work. It was not long before a hale and stalwart fellow presented himself as a candidate for the place; when the young farmer set about an examination of his qualifications. 'Are you used to ploughing?' 'Oh, yes; have followed the plough-tail for years.' 'Understand mowing and cradling?' 'Perfectly; won't allow any man to beat me at either.' 'Can you and would you be willing to help milk when it is too rainy for the women folks to go to the yard?' 'Certainly; can milk a cow as quick as any gal on the premises; and expect to turn my hand to *anything.*' 'Well—well—that's all very satisfactory: but there's just one thing more: *do you know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?*' That was a stumper. Candidate scratched his head in deep thought for a moment and replied, 'he was not quite sure; but he *guessed* the winter was the best time!' 'No, *sir,* that isn't it,' said the young farmer. 'You won't do me; I won't have a man around me that don't know when to cut a pig yoke.'

"Candidates number two and number three presented themselves successively, and went through the same inquisitorial process triumphantly, until they came to the fatal question—'Do you know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?' And on that they both failed—number two answering 'the full moon in June;' and number three being decidedly of opinion that the best time was 'when the sap is out of the wood.' Both were rejected.

"Number four, like his predecessors, went through the 'preliminary examination' swimmingly; when up comes the test question: 'Do *you* know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?' Candidate hangs his head in a brown study; but after a little time for reflection, he answered in a half doubting, half confident tone: 'W-a-ll, that's a matter I never thought on much; but I should *say* the best time to cut a pig yoke was *when you come across one!*' 'That's it—that's it,' quoth the farmer in delight; 'you're the man for me.' And he relates that that man always proved equal to any emergency in which he was placed."

[We do not see much good sense in the above, but perhaps our readers will.]

A CHEAP CISTERN.

Two years ago the coming month, I dug a hole for a cistern, 9 feet deep—9 feet across at the top, and 7 feet across two feet below the surface—this left a shoulder or breach into which I placed two timbers for beams, and on these plank for a covering immediately over the cistern. A mason plastered it with Rosendale hydraulic cement, directly on the earth. It has never been dry since four weeks after it was finished, and according to my figures, holds nearly 63 barrels. It is perfectly tight now, except the spout and manhole. It has never leaked out nor in. No surface water can drain in, and had I known how cheap, and with how little trouble it could be made, I should have had one long before.

The cost was as follows:—

1 bbl. Rosendale cement,	$4,00
1 day plastering and board,	1,75
1½ day in digging and board,	1,50
108 feet lumber,	1,03
My time, nails, &c.,	1,50
Total cost of cistern,	$9,78

The sand was mixed with the cement—only as fast as used—2 parts of sand to 1 of cement. There are sixty feet of gutter to my house.

JOHN C. BISHOP.

Fon du Lac Co., Wis.

Remarks.—The above cheap method of making cisterns is much used in this region, and they generally do well where there is a firm hard soil to plaster upon. When locust poles and flag-stones to lay on them can be obtained for the covering, it may be placed two feet or more under ground. The locust timber will last a century. Red cedar is also pretty durable.—*Ed. American Agriculturist.*

Relative Value of Substances for Producing Milk.—Several French and German chemists estimate the relative value of several kinds of food for milch cows according to the following table: that 100 lbs. of good hay are worth

200	lbs.	Potatoes.
460	"	Beetroot, with the leaves.
350	"	Siberian Cabbage.
250	"	Beetroot, without the leaves.
250	"	Carrots.
80	"	Hay, Clover, Spanish Trefoil, or Vetches.
50	"	Oil-cake, or Colza.
250	"	Pea Straw and Vetches.
300	"	Barley or Oat straw.
400	"	Rye or Wheat-straw.
25	"	Peas, Beans, or Vetch-seed.
50	"	Oats.
500	"	Green Trefoil, Spanish Trefoil, or Vetches.

A New Race of Cattle.—According to Belgian journals, M. Dutrone, one of the most distinguished cattle-breeders of France, has succeeded, after twenty years' trial, in producing a bovine race without horns, which carried the first prize at the great cattle-show of Poisayin, in 1854. A cow of this species, which had been raised on the farm of the King of Belgium at Lacken, near Brussels, was killed lately in the latter town, in presence of the professors of the veterinary school, and the surveyors of the public slaughter-house. The report of these gentlemen confirms the fact that the quantity, both of suet and meat, was much more considerable than that of the ordinary cattle.

A Natural Curiosity.—A correspondent of the Irasburg Standard says:—"Upon the farm of C. C. Hardy, Esq., in Glover, Vt., stand two maple trees about eight feet apart, and each six or eight inches in diameter. At the height of seven feet they approach together, forming a complete arch through which five men can walk side by side, and are there knit together solidly, with no irregularity or confusion. From thence upward, to the distance of nearly or quite fifty feet, they form but one solid, compact tree, with no unnatural seam, bur, or rift."

Hog Cholera.—The hog cholera has been raging lately in certain parts of Illinois. A Mr. J. D. Smith, of Berlin, lost over one hundred hogs by this terrible malady, after which he was induced to try the efficacy of tar as a remedy. It was administered with a paddle, or spread upon corn, and proved to be the means of almost certain cure.

Useful Receipts.

Curd Milk Pudding.—Put in a basin three eggs, a little grated lemon-peel, three ounces of currants, one pint of curds, and one pound of bread-crumbs, boil in a cloth half an hour; turn out and serve.—*Soyer.*

Suet Pudding.—Put into a basin half a pound of chopped suet, a pound of flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a one of pepper, nearly half a pint of water: beat all well together, put into a cloth as above; boil one hour and a half.—*Soyer.*

Bread Pudding.—An economical one, when eggs are dear. Cut some bread and butter very thin, place it in a pie-dish as lightly as possible, till three parts full; break into a basin one egg, add two teaspoonfuls of flour, three of brown sugar; mix all well together, add to it, by degrees, a pint of milk and a little salt; pour over the bread; bake in an oven; it will take about half and hour. This will make a nice-sized pudding for four or five persons.

It may be done in twenty different ways, by varying the flavor of the ingredients, as lemon-peel, orange-peel, nutmeg, cinnamon, or mixed spice, or essences of any kind.

For children, skim-milk, or half milk and water, dates, or French plums, or figs, previously soaked and cut, may be added; they are excellent for the juveniles.—*Soyer.*

Brown Bread Puddings, the same way.—*Soyer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 9, 7, 5, 10, was a city in China.
My 2, 6, 22, 17, 2, 12, is a mount in Africa.
My 3, 6, 8, 2, 20, 12, is a lake in Asia.
My 4, 16, 18, 22, is a gulf in Europe.
My 5, 13, 10, 21, 22, is a group of islands in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 6, 8, 19, 6, 2, 18, 12, is a city in Michigan.
My 7, 13, 7, 13, 20, 13, 17, is a lake in China.
My 8, 9, 20, 4, 12, is a cape on the Atlantic Ocean in the United States.
My 9, 11, 5, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 21, 18, 9, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 11, 19, 13, 20, 9, 18, 17, 13, is a river in South America.
My 12, 13, 4, 7, is a county in Virginia.
My 13, 8, 21, 13, is one of the United States.
My 14, 11, 5, 13, is a cape of Africa.
My 15, 16, 9, 10, 20, 2, is a city in France.

My whole was the name of a distinguished man.

W. T. T.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 13, 19, 12, 4, is what the Saviour told His disciples to do.
My 3, 4, 2, 23, 20, is what Jacob halted upon as he passed over Penuel.
My 5, 17, 18, was called the Valley of Craftsmen.
My 6, 7, 20, 13, 21, was the son of Ammihud.
My 8, 13, 12, 4, 2, was the father of Geuel.
My 9, 13, 19, is what Peter refused to do when flesh was placed before him.
My 10, 11, 13, is what Christ said our conversation should be.
My 14, 13, 21, 22, is a city where Christ performed a miracle.
My 16, 15, 9, 15, was a prophet.

My whole is an important saying which the Saviour told His disciples.

Wilkesbarre.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In every house from north to south,
My first's most always found;
And with it, too—you'll find it's true—
My second doth abound.

In a temperate clime in the summer time,
My whole is always seen,
Bright golden flowers,—just after showers—
In meadows fresh and green.

Tonica, Ill. * *

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake in South America.
Is a river in the United States.
Is an island in the Polynesia.
Is a city in Michigan.
Is the capital of a European power.
Is a river in Asia.
Is a town in New Jersey.
Is a gulf in Asia.
Is a town in England.
Is a range of mountains in Asia.
Is a gulf in North America.
Is one of the United States.

My initials form a river; my finals, place of situation.

DIVIDING QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father divided a number of apples among his 4 children: to the eldest he gave the one-third of the whole number he had and 1 apple more. To the second he gave one-third of those he had left and 1 apple more. To the third he gave one-third of those he now had left and 1 apple more. And the remaining apples he divided among himself and his fourth child, giving the child 1 apple more than he kept himself. What were the number of apples which he had at first, and how many did each get?

DELTA.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The slant height of a certain right cone is 25 inches, and the diameter of its base is 14 inches. If an auger hole 6 inches in diameter be bored through this cone, midway between the base and the vertex, (the axis of the hole intersecting the axis of the cone at right angles,) how many cubic inches of it will be consumed?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

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☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a parasite like a pair of spectacles? Ans.—Because he magnifies small things.

☞ What belongs to yourself and is used by everybody more than yourself? Ans.—Your name.

☞ Why is D like a sailor? Ans.—It follows the sea. (C.)

☞ What is larger for being cut at both ends? Ans.—A ditch.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Ponder again and again on the divine law, for all things are contained therein. ENIGMA.—The Riddler. CHARADE.—Wormwood. OMISSION.—Hannibal Hamlin.

ARITHMETICAL DEFENCE.—If A. D. Y. will take the trouble to multiply the number of acres, both for A and for B, with the prices paid for them, according to the latter part of my answer given in the Post of August 24th, to his ARITHMETICAL QUESTION published July 6th, he will find that said answer is *correct*, so far as 7 places of decimals will permit to express it. And that he was wrong, when, on October 12th, he published said answer as "*not correct.*" And he will also find that he was mistaken again when he declared that my said answer makes A pay "*more*" than $200; when my said furnished answer will not *quite reach* the $200; both for A and for B: (*wanting* for each *less* than the one-thousandth part of a mill: which I thought was near enough for any practical or arithmetical use). Moreover, by close inspection, the said A. D. Y. will find that the *exact* answer to that question can never be *fully* expressed by numbers, either in decimals or by any so-named vulgar fraction.

That the forepart of my answer was also *proper*, may be inferred by Wm. S. Major's also understanding the question with that meaning, or else the 30 acres of improved land mentioned in the question would be of no use whatever in its solution. Will A. D. Y. once more look to his question?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

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